

MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. COGHLAN,

(Daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe,)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

Dedicated to the British Nation;

BEING INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR;

With Remarks, Moral and Political.

And what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep—

A shade that follows wealth and fame,

But leaves the wretch to weep?—

GOLDSMITH.

NEW-YORK:

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PREFACE

By the Editor of the New-York Edition.

EVERY heart of sensibility must not only be interested in the welfare of the author of the following memoirs, but must be considerably affected on a perusal of them, as they pourtray a mind naturally social, amiable and virtuous, struggling against misfortunes originating from the absurd practice of obliging children to sacrifice affection, and consequently happiness, to sordid pelf, or, what is of infinite less value, a *titled* name. The author's sentiments on this subject, which have been powerfully impressed by woful experience; her reflections on the inhuman sufferings of unfortunate debtors in prisons, which may perhaps in many instances be too applicable to her native country---her exposition of the iniquitous practice of law in

in A 2 England,

England, the jurisprudence of which country America servilely copies---convince the editor of the utility of a republication of the work in this country. It is to be hoped that the circumstance of her unfortunate marriage will have its due weight, and that those who exercise criticism will not be too severe upon her conduct, but will generously *be to her faults a little blind*. Her friends will undoubtedly despise the weak prejudices of vulgar minds, so far as respects their connection or alliance with the author. The public advantage has superseded every other consideration with the editor, and he shall exceedingly regret incurring the displeasure of any by republishing these memoirs.

New-York, February, 1795.

THE following encomiums on the author of these memoirs have appeared in the Female Jockey Club, which the publisher of this American edition inserts as a tribute of praise justly due to that nobleness of soul so conspicuous in the writer.

Mrs. COGHLAN.

WE have not the least acquaintance with this lady, therefore are ignorant how far her rank entitles her to be admitted into that society of grandees who compose the Female Jockey Club; but as literary merit, in the opinion of Lady Lucan, our supreme arbiter of etiquette, forms an exception to the general rule, and yields a right of admission into the grandest circles, we have not hesitated to introduce her; and we will venture boldly to pronounce, if her soul really breath the sentiments contained in the memoirs she has published, that she pos-

esses titles far superior to any which all the kings in the world have it in their power to bestow ; although, at the same time, we are ready to confess, that it is not by promulgating similar doctrines she is to expect that his Majesty will ever make a LADY of her ; nor do we believe, that they will procure her a passport to the favour and protection she appears so very much to want. We therefore recommend patience under present adversity, and sincerely wish a speedy period to all her afflictions.

N A M E S
OF THE
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS
IN THESE
M E M O I R S.

HIS Majesty,
Louis the XVIth,
Duc d'Orleans,
Comte d'Artois,
Monsieur,
Duc de Montmorenci,
Duc de Pienne,
Marquis de Sillery,
Marquis de Genlis,
Monsieur de Lomprey,
Duc de Fitzjames,
Monsieur Parcquet, premier President
of the Parliament of Paris,
Monsieur de Crofne,
Madame Grey, Superior of the Domi-
nican Convent at Calais,
Madame Smith,

Madame

Madame Lafar,
His Royal Highness the Duke of ———,
His Grace the Duke of Leinster,
Lord Charlemont,
Mr. Grattan,
The Honourable Mr. Fox,
Lord Lauderdale,
Lord Cornwallis,
General Monckton,
General Cornwallis,
General Montgomery,
General Washington,
General Putnam,
General Mifflin,
General Knox,
Sir William Howe,
Lord Howe,
Lord Amherst,
General Gage,
Lord Gage,
Lord Lincoln,
The late Duke of Bolton,
Lord Delawar,
Colonel Etherington,
Major Montresor,
Colonel Small,

Honourable

Honourable Colonel Grey,
Colonel Banker,
Judge Livingston,
Mr. William Livingston,
Colonel Webb,
Duke of Q——y,
Mr. Frederick Jay,
Major Moncrieffe,
Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe,
Alderman Moncrieffe,
Colonel Moncrieffe,
Governor Heron,
Mr. Vining,
Mr. Fazakerley,
Mr. Giffard, of Chillington,
Mr. Coghlan,
Mr. Walker, late Marshal of the King's
Bench,
Mr. Jones, the present Marshal,
Mr. Robert Knight,
Mr. Beckett,
Colonel Freemantle,
General Sheriff,
Colonel Kemble,
Prince Louis d'Aremberg,
Lord Hervey,

Mr.

Mr. B*****,
Sir Charles Gould,
Mr. Chambers, Furnival's Inn,
Mr. ———, Ely Place,
Duke of Northumberland,
Honourable Mrs. Gage,
Mrs. Montrefor,
Mrs. Putnam,
Mrs. Washington,
Sir William Scott,
Lady Blake,
Mr. M—g—y,
Mr. Erskine,
Lord E———,
General D*****,
Sir Robert Harland, Bart.
Marquis de Bouille.

P R E F A C E.

AMIDST the tempest that now rages in the political world, the cabals of faction and the terrors of revolution, the private sorrows of an individual pass unregarded. The most splendid contributions are raised for support of foreign refugees; loans and benevolences, to an amazing extent, are piously, if not constitutionally, furnished, to supply the wants of our suffering troops; and all the passions inherent in the human breast are awakened and set in motion, to give a pompous display to the humility and meekness of tender-hearted Charity.

We

We read of titled individuals bestowing hundreds in behalf of emigrant Popish Priests, while ONE SOLITARY GUINEA is prefixed to the same names in support of their own countrymen, poor, industrious, famished manufacturers!*

Our streets swarm with beggars: our looms are deserted;—Poverty every where raises her haggard mien amongst us; at the same time that national treasures are indiscriminately lavished with profusion upon foreigners, and expended in the further prosecution of a most disastrous war; whereby the fund of wretchedness is daily augmented; and the spectacles of misery that torture the sight in all our streets proclaim the fatal consequences it has already produced, and

* A subscription now on foot for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers.

and the absolute necessity of putting a period to the evil.

The baneful effects attending this calamity fall principally on the poor and industrious classes of society; they extend themselves even unto myself: the luxuries of the great will easily admit of curtailment, but the wants of the poor call aloud for redress. Yet, as the former find themselves in some measure called on to reduce the number of their superfluities from the many claims which the exigency of public affairs has upon them, so are they less disposed to follow the dictates of Charity in relieving the pangs of domestic woe.

There exists another description of the great, who thrive on the misfortunes which the present system creates, with-

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out directing a thought to their alleviation: I allude to the vast additional number of contractors, commissaries, pensioners, and human locusts of every kind, preying on the decayed vitals of their country. These men drain immense fortunes from the increase of public burthens, and in every new tax, originates a new place, whereby the scale of influence is alarmingly increased.

Hence princes and their ministers are apt to delight in war: it furnishes them with a pretext for adding to their military establishments: the splendor of the throne shines brighter, and they conceive that they enjoy a more perfect state of security, from the immense armies they retain in their pay.

Wretched, however, is the prince
who

who rests his hope on such foundation: the NORTHERN DESPOTS of Europe can have no other basis than military force, on which to depend for the preservation of their tyranny; but the KING of a FREE country should look to other principles: he should depend for the preservation of HIS power on the peace, happiness, choice, and affections of an united people.

While the bulk of a nation is distressed, a virtuous prince can never enjoy a moment's content; he cannot depart from his threshold, that he does not meet some object of calamity, to strew thorns in his way. He must reflect on the enormous salary that he himself receives, the magnificence and waste by which he is surrounded, while so many forlorn wretches are perishing through

want of the smallest part of those superfluities daily consumed within his own palace.

The writer of the following sheets, nursed in the lap of tenderest Indulgence, sprung from a father whose attachment to A KING even superseded the duties he owed to HIS COUNTRY: she who once basked in the sunshine of Fortune has lately herself struggled with all the miseries she has endeavoured to describe.

Affliction cuts the deeper from a recollection of former enjoyments: the memory of past joys sharpens the sense of her present sufferings: she once little dreamed of those scenes of horror through which she has passed; she little anticipated, that whenever she should
have

have occasion for the WORLD'S assistance, the world would with-hold it from her. She had fondly imagined, that every one was her FRIEND; nor was the veil of deception withdrawn, till, alas! she had occasion for its friendship:—Then the very persons who had been most anxious to court her smiles, who had beguiled her with their delusive flatteries, who had encouraged her errors and soothed her vices, were the first to keep aloof and shun the wretchedness they had helped to accomplish.—They who had been the bosom friends of her father, refused even to hear the hapless tale of his ill-fated child: nor did his unshaken zeal in the cause of HIS SOVEREIGN ever produce to his daughter the recompence of a shilling from the English government.

These are the reflections of one undisturbed by the frenzy of party conflicts, and only zealous in the general cause of humanity—They are the reflections of a woman, chastened in Affliction's school, restored to reason by the wholesome lessons she has received from that most instructive of all monitors,—Adversity!

Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at her heels, and chases her in view.*

To drive off this fiend, alas! she has no other hope, than from the advantage she may derive from this faint production of her pen. The perspective which the world now presents to her view is gloomy indeed: nevertheless, it would be greatly brightened, if she conceived that her example might serve as a beacon to others of her sex.

Oh!

* Venice Preserved.

Oh! may the generous character of the British nation, which has so often shone resplendent in acts of amiable benevolence, long preserve its lustre! may it wipe off those tears, calculated to fade the cheek of Beauty! may no political discord, no party rage ever obscure it! and while GALLIA's refractory sons are revelling on the fruits of British benevolence, let it not be said that Britannia's own legitimate children ever sighed or wept in vain.

Margaret Coghlan.

December 7, 1793.

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MEMOIRS
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MRS. COGHLAN.

CAPTAIN Patrick Heron, my grandfather, was quartered with his regiment at Portsmouth, where he made a conquest of Miss E. Vining, daughter of Mr. John Vining,* who was at that period mayor of the town.—The lady in question was born to a very considerable fortune.

My

* A beautiful monument is erected in St. Thomas church, Portsmouth, to the memory of this gentleman, stating him to have been six times mayor of that town.

My grandfather being a young man and a soldier, it was a match quite contrary to the inclination of the old gentleman, Mr. Vining, who used all possible means to prevent its taking place; but love, almighty love sets every obstacle at defiance, and is always sure to furnish means adequate to its ends. An elopement to Scotland was the result of Mr. Vining's obstinacy; from Captain Heron's paternal seat in that country, Miss V. acquainted her father with this act of her disobedience, and implored his forgiveness. The late Duke of Bolton and the late Lord Delawar became mediators with him, and their mediation induced Mr. Vining to relax from his severity.

The first step towards reconciliation, was to write a letter to my grandfather, expressing

expressing his reasons for disapproving the marriage, but at the same time intreating him to quit Scotland, and bring home his bride. In this letter he proposed to settle a handsome fortune on her as her marriage portion, together with Vicars-Hill, a delightful seat in the new forest near Lymington.—Here my grandfather lived in the greatest splendor for several years: his house was the universal receptacle of happiness, where the rich were entertained with magnificent profusion, and where the wretched always found comfort and protection. In the course of years, Mrs. Heron was the mother of nine children; from one of whom Captain Mark Robinson (son of Admiral Robinson) is a descendant: Captain Miller, of the marines, married one of his sisters, and there are several other sons now living. The liberal mind
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of my grandfather frequently involved him in disagreeable embarrassments; one of which obliged him to abandon his country and friends: he was one evening in a coffee-house at Lymington, perusing the newspapers, when a person by the name of Boyes applied to him, saying, ‘ Captain Heron, I am a ruined man, should you refuse the favour I am about to request; having a quantity of cyder just landed, I really have no place wherein to deposit it for the night; will you give me permission to lodge it in your cellar?’ Upon which my grandfather consented, and sent to his butler for the key of the cellar, where the *supposed* cyder was no sooner placed than an exciseman arrived, who had either followed it himself, or had received information where it lay: he told my grandfather, ‘ that there had been created

‘creted in his cellar one hundred and fifty tierces of brandy, and that he must search for them:’ whereon Captain Heron replied, ‘that he should not enter *his* premises.’ The exciseman persisted, and notwithstanding a *severe beating* which he received from the servants, he forced the door of the cellar, where he discovered the brandy. Embarrassed by this discovery, my grandfather flew to his father-in law, the mayor of Portsmouth, and acquainting him with what had happened, asked his advice; when the mayor was of opinion, that he ought to conceal himself until he wrote to the minister to solicit some indulgence. He pursued this advice, and received for answer, that a *capias* had been issued against him, at the suit of the excise office, for the *enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds*; that he could

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give no other counsel, than for him instantly to join the fortieth regiment, in which he had a company, and which then was stationed at Annapolis-Royal. Thither he went, leaving his wife at Vicars-Hill, with her children, where she died broken hearted six months after his departure. Such are the cruelties that for ever flow from excise laws!—He had not been long at Annapolis, when he was appointed governor of that place, which situation he held at the time of his decease.

Here he married Miss Margaret Jephson, daughter of Captain Jephson, belonging to the fortieth regiment, by whom he had Margaret my mother. On the death of my grandfather, his widow went from Annapolis to Halifax, in order to take a passage for Cork, where she

she intended to settle amongst her own friends. Major Moncrieffe, my father, who was then aid-de-camp to General Monckton, married her eldest daughter. Her mother and the other children remained with them one month; after which they sailed for Ireland, and almost within sight of the harbour of Cork the vessel foundered, and every soul perished. Owing to this sad event, my brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, and myself are the only survivors of that marriage; and by the will of my grandfather, proved in the *prerogative court* of Canterbury, we are the lawful heirs to all his property. The estate in Scotland is computed to be worth *five thousand pounds* per annum; and that at Lymington is of considerable value, but at present it is in the possession of my mother's half brothers and their children, whose names I have already mentioned.

My

My mother was esteemed a beautiful woman; she was a wife at the age of fourteen, and in her grave before she was twenty, leaving my brother and myself unprotected infants.—My father was likewise a very young man, and at that time only a lieutenant in the army, although aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, Sir Jeffery, now Lord Amherst. General Gage, who had a sincere friendship for him, proposed that his children should take up their abode at his house, where we were nursed under the general's immediate inspection, sharing the same attention with his own children; and, the present Lord Gage was the companion of my infant years. My father, however, resolved to send my brother and myself for education to Dublin. At the age of three years, I was sent across the Atlantic Ocean; my brother being then

then only five years old. On our arrival in Dublin, I was sent to Miss Beard's boarding-school, and my brother to the Hibernian Academy: here I remained without seeing my father until I was eight years old, when he returned from America, and was quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the 55th, in which he had then a company. He brought with him the daughter of Judge Livingston, of New-York, to whom he had been some time married: the *person* of this lady was uncommonly forbidding, but her *purse* was irresistible. Young as I was, I did not like my new mother; she had, as I above remarked, the most disagreeable countenance; and what is worse, she was a stranger to every social virtue, and a rigid Presbyterian. My father having exchanged with the Honourable Colonel Grey, from the 55th

to the 59th regiment, was soon afterwards ordered upon the American station, and appointed Major of Brigade upon the staff: the importunities of my mother-in-law were exerted to induce my father to take me back with them to New-York, but he had previously resolved to educate me in Dublin, and persisted in the intention: however, in the year 1772, both my brother and myself were ordered, by letters from my father, to return to New-York, where we landed the same year: my brother was sent to the college in that city, and I remained under the care of a governess. In the year 1774 my mother-in-law died, leaving to my father her fortune, for in her marriage articles she had reserved to herself the power of disposing of it. Six months after her death, my father *took to himself another wife*, one of the loveliest

liest of her sex. In her bosom, virtue, honour and conjugal affection were blended; but alas! her fate destined her for an early grave. Ten months after her marriage she died in childbirth of her infant son, my youngest brother, leaving him and myself under the care of her brother, Mr. Frederick Jay, who was then member of congress for the province of New-York: at this time my father was with General Gage, at Boston. Thus I found myself in the midst of republicans in war against the crown of Great-Britain,—persecuted on every side, because my father was fighting for the cause of *a king*!—At the age of thirteen, I was sent to board at Elizabeth-Town, New-Jersey, with the family of an American Colonel, where I was forced to hear my nearest and dearest relations continually traduced. I had
 remained

remained in the house of this gentleman several months, when the appearance of General Howe at Staten-Island obliged the inhabitants of Elizabeth-Town to seek refuge in the interior part of the country. I was then conducted, with Colonel Banker's wife, to a village about ten miles distant; but grieved with the gloomy scene before me, I availed myself of the absence of the family one Sunday, while they were at church, to make my escape: I rode back to Elizabeth-Town, and placed myself *immediately* under the care of a lady* (Mrs. de Hart) whose family loved me from my tenderest infancy. However, I was not allowed to remain long in this retreat; the congress, particularly that part of it which were related

* The husband of this lady was member of the continental congress, and immediately resigned his situation on the independence of America being declared.

related to my father by his second and third wives, fixed their attention upon me:—They had repeatedly, at the commencement of the war, offered my father a command in the northern army, a situation which was afterwards given to General Montgomery, his nephew. Bigotted to the cause of *a king*, my father rejected their offers, and thus we lost the glorious opportunity of adding the laurel of *patriotism* to a name high in the ranks of *military valour*, and perhaps unequalled in military science. No man ever served the British monarch with more fidelity, or fought for him with greater bravery: but I was very near falling a victim to this stubborn attachment. Walking one sultry day in the garden of my protectress, I was beset by a party of riflemen, just arrived from Pennsylvania, who, presenting their bayonets

bayonets to my breast, would certainly have killed me, had not one of the men took compassion on my youth, discovering in my features something which conquered his savage purpose.—Thanks be to God! *my countrymen* did not commit an act which certainly would have stained the bright immortal cause of liberty—a cause that, I glory to say, first struck root in my dear native country, and which is now expanding its branches through the whole continent of Europe.

My beautiful and unfortunate countrywoman, Miss M'Rea, experienced a far different fate: she, alas! found *no* mercy; her charms served only to stimulate the furious passions of her brutal ravishers: arrayed in her bridal robes, awaiting the arrival of him, the lover, who was to crown her joys, in the sight
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of a *British soldiery*, under the command of *British officers*, she was three times violated by Canadian savages in *British pay*, and afterwards, (oh horrible to relate!) in *cold blood, scalped and murdered!*

Delivered from the only savages I ever met amongst *my own countrymen*, I applied for protection to Mr. William Livingston, my first step-mother's brother, who was the governor of New-Jersey. He behaved to me with harshness, and even added insult to his reproaches. Thus destitute of friends, I wrote to General Putnam, who instantly answered my letter by a very kind invitation to his house, assuring me, that he respected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that in private life, he himself, or any part of his family, might always command his services. On
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the next day he sent Colonel Webb, one of his aid-de-camps, to conduct me to New-York. When I arrived in the Broadway [a street so called] where General Putnam resided, I was received with the greatest tenderness both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day I was introduced by them to General and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their study to shew me every mark of regard; but I seldom was allowed to be alone, although sometimes indeed I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on the top of the house,* where my chief delight was to view with a telescope our fleet and army at Staten-Island. My amusements were few; the good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly

* Almost every gentleman's house in New-York has a gallery, with a summer-house, on the top.

stantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiery; indolence in America being totally discouraged; and I likewise worked some for General Putnam, who, though not an accomplished *Muscadin*, like our Dilletantis of St. James's-street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world, his heart being composed of those noble materials which equally command respect and admiration. One day after dinner, the congress was the toast; General Washington viewed me very attentively, and sarcastically said, 'Miss Moncrieffe, you 'don't drink your wine.' Embarrassed by this reproof, I knew not how to act; at last, as if by a secret impulse, I addressed myself to the American commander, and taking the wine, I said, 'General Howe *is* the toast.'—Vexed at my temerity, the whole company,

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especially

especially General Washington, censured me; when my good friend, General Putnam, as usual, apologised, and assured them I did not mean to offend; ‘ Besides,’ replied he, ‘ every thing said or done by such a child ought rather to amuse than affront you.’—General Washington, piqued at this observation, then said, ‘ Well, Miss, I will overlook your indiscretion, on condition that you drink my health, or General Putnam’s, the first time you dine at Sir William Howe’s table, on the other side of the water.’

These words conveyed to me a flattering hope, that I should once more see my father, and I promised General Washington to do any thing which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him.

Not

Not long after this circumstance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten-Island, with letters from Major Moncrieffe, demanding me, for he now considered me as a prisoner. General Washington would not acquiesce in this demand, saying, ' that I should remain a hostage for ' my father's good behaviour.' I must here observe, that when General Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam, as if it were by instinct, laid his hand on his sword, and with a violent oath swore, ' that my father's request *should* be granted.' The commander in chief, whose influence governed the congress, soon prevailed on them to consider me as a person whose situation required their strict attention;*

and,

* My father's knowledge of the country induced General Washington to use every expedient in order to seduce him from the Royal

and, that I might not escape, they ordered me to King's-Bridge, where, in justice, I must say, that I was treated with the utmost tenderness: General Mifflin there commanded; his lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman, a quaker; and here, my heart received its first impression,—an impression, that amidst the subsequent shocks which it has received, has never been effaced, and which rendered me very unfit to admit the embraces of an unfeeling, brutish *husband*.

Oh! may these pages one day meet the eye of him who subdued my virgin heart, whom the immutable, unerring laws of nature had pointed out for my husband, but whose sacred decree the barbarous customs of society fatally violated.

cause, and he knew there was none more likely to succeed than that of attacking his parental feelings.

lated. To him I plighted my virgin vow, and I shall never cease to lament, that obedience to a *father* left it incomplete. When I reflect on my *past* sufferings, now that, alas! my *present* sorrows press heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating a little on the inevitable horrors which ever attend the frustration of natural affections: I myself, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human nature knows, am a melancholy example of this truth; for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated for the purer joys of domestic life, than for that hurricane of extravagance and dissipation on which I have been wrecked.—

Why is the will of nature so often perverted? Why is social happiness for ever sacrificed at the altar of prejudice?

Avarice has usurped the throne of reason, and the affections of the heart are not consulted. We cannot command our desires, and when the object of our being is unattained, misery must be necessarily our doom. Let this truth, therefore, be for ever remembered: when once an affection has rooted itself in a tender, constant heart, no time, no circumstance can eradicate it. Unfortunate, then, are they who are joined, if their hearts are not matched!—

—With this *conqueror* of my soul, how happy should I now have been!—What storms and tempests should I have avoided, (at least I am pleased to think so) if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations! and happier, Oh! ten thousand times happier should I have been with him, in the wildest desert

desert of *our native country*, the woods affording us our only shelter, and their fruits our only repast, than under the canopy of costly state, with all the refinements and embellishments of courts, with the royal warrior who would fain have proved himself the *conqueror* of France !

My conqueror was engaged in another cause, he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: he fought to liberate, not to enslave nations—He was a Colonel in the American army, and high in the estimation of his country: *his* victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought; they shone as bright as the cause which atchieved them! I had communicated, by letter to General Putnam, the propofals of this gentleman, with my determination to
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accept them, and I was embarrassed by the answer which the General returned; he intreated me to remember, that the person in question, from his political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by observing, ' That I surely would not unite myself ' with a man who, in his zeal for the ' cause of his country, would not hesitate ' to drench his sword in the blood of my ' nearest relation, should he be opposed ' to him in battle.' Saying this, he lamented the necessity of giving advice contrary to his own sentiments, since, in every other respect, he considered the match as unexceptionable.—Nevertheless, General Putnam, after this discovery, appeared, in all his visits to King's-Bridge, extremely reserved; his eyes were constantly fixed on me; nor did he ever cease to make me the object of his concern

concern to congress; and, after various applications, he succeeded in obtaining leave for my departure, when, in order that I should go to Staten-Island with the respect due to my sex and family, the barge belonging to the continental congress was ordered with twelve oars, and a general officer, together with his suite, was dispatched to see me safe across the bay of New-York. The day was so very tempestuous, that I was half drowned with the waves dashing against me. When we came within hail of the Eagle man of war, which was Lord Howe's ship, a flag of truce was sent to meet us: the officer dispatched on this occasion was Lieutenant Brown. General Knox told him that he had received orders to see me safe to head-quarters. Lieutenant Brown replied, ' It was impossible, as ' no person from the enemy could approach

‘proach nearer the English fleet;’ but added, ‘that if I would place myself under his protection, he certainly would attend me thither.’—I then entered the barge, and bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned
MY BACK ON LIBERTY!—

—We first rowed along side the Eagle, and Mr. Brown afterwards conveyed me to head-quarters. When my name was announced, the British commander in chief sent Colonel Sheriff, (lately made a General, and who, during my father’s life-time, was one of *his most particular* friends, although, alas! the endearing sentiment of friendship now seems extinct in his breast, as far as the unhappy daughter is concerned) with an invitation from Sir William Howe to dinner, which was necessarily accepted. When
intro-

introduced, I cannot describe the emotion I felt; so sudden the transition in a few hours, that I was ready to sink into the earth! Judge the distress of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the General. Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz amongst them, saying, 'She is a sweet girl, she is divinely handsome;' although it was some relief to be placed at table next the wife of Major Montre-for, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence; but being unfortunately asked, agreeably to military etiquette, for a *toast*, I gave General Putnam: Colonel Sheriff said, in a low voice, 'You must not give him here:' when Sir William Howe complaisantly replied,

replied, ' O! by all means; if he be the
 ' lady's *sweetheart*, I can have no objec-
 ' tion to drink his health.' This in-
 volved me in a new dilemma; I wished
 myself a thousand miles distant; and to
 divert the attention of the company, I
 gave to the General a letter, that I had
 been commissioned to deliver from Ge-
 neral Putnam, of which the following is
 a copy—(And here I consider myself
 bound to apologize for the bad spelling
 of my most excellent republican friend.
 The bad orthography was amply com-
 pensated by the magnanimity of the
 man who wrote it.)—' *Ginrole** Put-
 ' nam's compliments to Major Mon-
 ' crieffe, has made him a present of a fine
 ' daughter, if he dont *lick* † her he must
 ' send her back again, and he will pro-
 ' vide her with a fine good *twig* husband.'

The

* For General.

† For like.

The substitution of *twig* for *whig* husband, served as a fund of entertainment to the company.

Immediately the General informed me that my father was with Lord Percy,* and obligingly said, ‘ that a carriage ‘ should be provided to convey me to ‘ him,’ gallantly adding, ‘ amongst so ‘ many gentlemen a *beautiful young lady* ‘ certainly could not want a *cecisbeo* to ‘ conduct her.’—Knowing Colonel Small from my earliest youth, I asked him to render me that service, to which he consented.—Lord Percy then lived nine miles distant from head quarters, and when we arrived at his house, my father was walking on the lawn with his Lordship.—Colonel Small, apprehensive of the consequences which might

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* Now Duke of Northumberland.

ensue from a too abrupt introduction, delicately hinted to him that I was at Sir William Howe's.—Lord Percy, equally impatient to see me, replied, ‘ Heaven be praised! Major, let us instantly go and conduct her hither.’ Such trouble was, however, unnecessary: In a few minutes, I was introduced, when, overcome by the emotions of filial tenderness, I fainted in my father’s arms, where I remained in a state of insensibility during half an hour; at length I recovered, and mutual congratulations passed on all sides, when it became necessary to consider in what manner I was to be disposed of, since all his Lordship’s *suite* slept in marquees: but the hospitality of this nobleman rose above ceremony, and that the daughter should not so soon again be separated from her father, he ordered one of his

his own apartments to be prepared for me. Here I lived happy, till the Royal Army quitted Staten-Island.—A fortnight previous thereto, my father had been appointed Major of Brigade to the division commanded by Lord Cornwallis; an event that afforded us infinite satisfaction. With the uncle of this Lord he had begun his military career, having received his first commission from that General in Flanders; and I am rejoiced in having now the opportunity of publishing to the world, that his merit alone raised him to the confidence of his patron, and to the rank he afterwards held in his profession.

General Cornwallis, as a proof of his esteem for my father, intreated that he might adopt his eldest son, now a Lieutenant in the 60th regiment of foot, and

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who

who bears the name of Edward Cornwallis, in addition to that of Moncrieffe. Soon after our departure from Lord Percy's, the Royal Army, having left Staten-Island, made good their landing on Long-Island, where my father was taken prisoner at the battle of *Brooklyne*, and stripped of his regimentals, was forced to put on the *Red Ribbon*, (a mark which the Americans wore, in order to distinguish their own staff officers;) and while he was endeavouring to persuade the men to surrender themselves to the Royal Army, they were surrounded by a party of Hessians, who mistaking my father, conceived him, from the badge he had on, to be a Colonel of the enemy: In vain he remonstrated; they made him assist to draw the heavy cannon, in which laborious exercise he was recognised by a Colonel in the British Army:

Army: the Hessian officer, confused on discovering his error, consequently made every due apology. This event frequently caused us much entertainment. The success of the Royalists soon restored to us the possession of our property at New-York, where we were no sooner settled, than my father sent an invitation to the widow of a gentleman (who had been formerly a Paymaster-general of the British forces) requesting her to accept his house as an asylum: his object in so doing was on my account, his public situation obliging him to be ever absent from home.—I had now acquired a number of admirers; but having positively *renounced* all thoughts of *marriage*, I obtained consent to depart for England with Colonel and Mrs. Horsfall, who were to embark in the month of March, 1777. It was then

resolved that, on my arrival in England, I should be placed at Queen's Square boarding-school.—How vain is it for mortals to anticipate plans which Providence in an instant can entirely destroy !

Mr. Coghlan, my present husband, saw me at an assembly, when, without either consulting *my heart*, or deigning to ask my permission, he instantly demanded me in marriage, and won my father to his purpose.—In a savage mind, which only considered sensual enjoyments, affection was not an object, for I told him at the time he had *not* any affection, and conjured him in the most persuasive terms, to act as a man of honour and humanity : his reply was congenial with his character ; he valued not any refusal on *my part*, so long as he had the Major's consent ;
and,

and, with a dreadful *oath*, he swore, 'that my obstinacy should not avail me.' Indeed, my refusal signified nothing; he insinuated himself so far in my father's confidence, as to draw upon me the anger of a parent, to whose displeasure I had never been accustomed, and whose rebukes I had not resolution to resist: Confined to my own apartment, I was forbid his presence, unless prepared to receive the husband he had provided for me. Wretched in mind, smarting under the sad reverse, I who had only known the heart-cheering smiles of parental fondness, to become the object of parental anger! the idea overcame me, and besieged, at the same time, by the pathetic intreaties of a much-loved brother, I unhappily yielded, and here fate dashed me on a rock which has destroyed my peace of mind in *this* world,

world, and may, perhaps, have paved my way to eternal torments in another.

Unable, as I have said, to refuse the earnest solicitations of a brother, my earliest and dearest friend, I took to my bed a viper, who has stung me even unto death, who has hurled me from the rank to which I was *born*, and for ever banished me from all those amiable enjoyments of society, without which life is a vacuum not to be endured.

In consequence of these fatal intreaties, I was married to Mr. John Coghlan, on the 28th of February, 1777, at New-York, by special licence, granted by Sir William Tryon, who was then Civil Governor of that province. At this period, I was only fourteen years and a few months old; so early did

did I fall a melancholy victim to the hasty decision of well-meaning, but alas! most mistaken relations. My union with Mr. Coghlan I never considered in any other light, than an honourable prostitution, as I really *bated* the man whom they had compelled me to marry.

As the prelude was inauspicious, so did a dismal omen succeed our wedding. The worthy Doctor Auchmuty, who was then Rector of New-York, and had married us that evening, complained on the same evening, while at supper, of indisposition, and three days afterwards he finished his mortal race.—We were the last couple married by this truly amiable man, this exemplary pattern of true christian piety——But when he joined our hands, (I cannot say our hearts,) he wedded *me*, as I have before observed,

observed, to a series of wretchedness, from which Heaven alone holds forth a prospect of relief.

Educated in the school of virtue, and, I trust, *naturally averse* to those scenes of vice in which my unhappy stars have since involved me; let my example serve as a salutary caution to other brothers—to other fathers—how they attempt to influence the choice, or to force the inclinations of inexperienced female youth, on a point where every thing most sacred is concerned.

—Let the *compulsion* practised on me apologise with the liberal mind for the transgressions of youth, doomed to the chains of a detested marriage.—Had it been my lot to have been united in wedlock with *the man of my affections*, my
soul

soul and body might now have been all purity, and the world would not then have lost a being, naturally social, generous, and humane.

A few months after our nuptials, Mr. Coghlan was ordered, with his regiment, to Philadelphia, whither he repaired, leaving me at Long-Island with my father.—For several months, I never received any letter from him, a circumstance which caused great displeasure to all my relations; but to me, it was of little consequence, as my greatest happiness was to remain peaceably at home with my family.—However, this satisfaction was not long enjoyed. One evening, as I was sitting with my father, the arrival of my husband was announced; the master of the house received him with open arms, but I met him with an air
of

of *disgust*, having never learned the secret to disguise my genuine feelings. In the course of conversation, we discovered that he had sold out of the army in defiance of *his* father's positive commands; and that it was his intention instantly to embark for England, where he proposed that I should accompany him.— Thus I was forced from the paternal roof of my only friend, *my natural protector*.

Mr, Coghlan took lodgings at New-York, where he introduced me to libertines, and to women of doubtful character. In this city we remained about a month, when a convoy being ready to sail for Cork, we embarked on the 8th of February, 1778, and had not been many days at sea before my husband, freed from all restraint, from
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the protection that I had enjoyed under my father's roof, threw off the mask of deception, and appeared in his true native character, the *brutish unfeeling tyrant!* never omitting an opportunity to persecute and torment me. Innumerable cruelties did I endure from this man while on our passage; and so unrelenting was he in his barbarous treatment, that it at length became public in the ship, and obliged Captain Kidd, the commander, to take notice of it, threatening to confine him as a madman if he persevered in his inhuman career.* In three weeks after our departure from New-York, the fleet discovered land; but beat off by strong easterly winds, we could not make Cape
F Clear,

* Vide the libel exhibited by me against my husband, which remains on record in the Ecclesiastical Court.

Clear, so that the Captain was obliged to take all the ships he had under convoy into Crook Haven, a small port in the west of Ireland.—The vessels no sooner came to anchor, than my tyrant sent his horse ashore, which he had brought from America; leaving me, young and unprotected, in the midst of six or seven hundred men, for the space of fourteen days, without a single individual of my own sex in the whole fleet. Thus I was exposed to various insults, for when my husband openly abandoned me, it was natural to conclude that others would not be remiss in practising their arts of seduction against me.

When the wind became favourable, we again sailed, and landed at the Cove of Cork. On my arrival in the latter city, I was received by the Mayor, a near relation

relation of my husband's, who soon introduced me to him: I was pleased to find that he made some apologies for having left me so abruptly, remarking, that it was in consequence of some liberties he conceived Captain Kidd had taken with him.

During my stay at Cork, which lasted ten days, I was treated with all possible civility and respect. From hence we went to Dublin, where, on our arrival, my uncle, Alderman Moncrieffe, (who is now one of the chief magistrates and Lord Mayor elect of that city) expressed great displeasure on hearing that I had remained so long at Crook Haven, under the circumstances I have described.—In a few days Mr. Coghlan, leaving me with my uncle, went over to England, where he remained one month. While he had

been absent, and in London, his mind had been poisoned by a variety of calumnies that some good-natured friends had insinuated against me.—On his return, he roundly told me, that he had taken an old mansion in Wales, for the express purpose of secluding me from the world; that *his* design was to break my *spirit*; and if that would not do, to break my *heart*.—In vain I practised every art in my power to frustrate this inhuman project; but finding all my intreaties and exertions ineffectual, I positively told both him and my uncle, that I was determined not to remain in Wales; and boldly declared, that I would leave him and fly to my father's friends in England.—He, however, peremptorily persisted in his resolution, and I believe has since lamented *his folly*. When we had reached the inn at Conway

way (on our way to the *Old Mansion*) all my thoughts were bent on an escape, and the very first moment that he left me alone, I fled from my tormentor, and sought my way across the mountains, destitute of money, and without a hut to afford me shelter from the inclemency of the weather; but, supported by the native innocence of my own heart, I escaped from the great, regardless of all lesser evils. I encountered many difficulties on the road: youth, however, and perseverance enabled me to surmount them all.—Lovers pressed around me at every inn: Hibernia's gallant sons, some of whom had seen me in Dublin, made the most liberal offers, and uttered the warmest vows; they would have escorted me to London, or to any other part of the world; but I turned a deaf ear to their protestations, and continued my

pedestrian journey, an innocent, solitary fugitive! From my juvenile appearance, I naturally became an object of suspicion to the different inn-keepers, who considered me as an amorous adventurer, run away from my parents; but on a candid recital of my artless tale, and on my reposing implicit confidence in them, they consented to assist and facilitate my flight.—When I arrived at Namptwich, I wrote to Lord Thomas Clinton, (now Lord Lincoln) who had been on very intimate terms with my friends in America.

Here, perhaps, my conduct was imprudent, although, I trust, not altogether guilty; nevertheless, this act of indiscretion has possibly occasioned many of the subsequent miseries that I have since endured.—My letter to his Lord-

ship

ship was immediately answered by Mr. Jackson, (attorney to Lord Thomas) inclosing, by his Lordship's order, twenty pounds, and containing a request from him, that I should consider myself under his protection, signifying, that Mr. Coghlan had challenged him, in consequence of some suspicions which he entertained concerning an amorous attachment between his Lordship and myself.

I had forgot to mention, that my husband pursued me from Conway, but taking a different rout, missed his object. When he arrived in London, he instantly repaired to the house of General Gage, who hinted *to him* the probability of his finding me with Lord Thomas, the General having heard a report to that purpose.—Alarmed by this intelligence, he sent for his brother-in-law, Mr. Phipps,

Phipps, (the late member for Peterborough) who accompanied him to Sunning-Hill, at which place Lord Thomas then resided. He immediately accused the latter of having been my seducer, insisted on searching the house, and in case of refusal, declared that he was prepared, and would insist on that satisfaction to which an injured husband was entitled. Fortunately, some gentlemen, who were on a visit to his Lordship, interfered, and assured Mr. Coghlan that *I was not in the house*; when, after much persuasion, he was induced to return to London, at the same time denouncing vengeance if he should hereafter discover that any deception had been practised on him.—I have never ceased to rejoice that this affair had no fatal catastrophe. My husband's temper was naturally violent; and, born in a country where the
 barbarous

barbarous prejudice of duelling bears such absolute sway, the noble Lord might have fallen a victim to this savage custom—the illustrious house of Newcastle might have been deprived of their heir, and thus another *hope* of a *puissant family* have been lost!

—Amongst a brave and enlightened people, who have always displayed the most exemplary valour in defending their rights, and whose generous volunteers, led on, in the hour of danger, by the patriots Grattan, Charlemont, Leinster, and other noble chiefs, have never hesitated to make the dearest sacrifice for the public safety, it cannot be too much lamented, that heroes so prodigal of life should not have courage to oppose and annihilate a barbarism which has for many centuries fixed a stigma on a country

try in every other respect amiable, and whose bravery and gallantry are universally renowned through all the nations of the world.

I am sorry to remark, to the utter disgrace of Lord Clinton, that his behaviour to me, when I fell within his power, was such as reflects dishonour both on his *head* and *heart*. In the former, I at once discovered a vacancy; it did not, therefore, afterwards surprise me to find a *canker* in the latter, having always remarked a weak head and an unprincipled mind to be perfectly congenial to each other. This *foi disant nobleman* meanly proposed to surrender me, young and beautiful as I was then considered, (and at the same time under his immediate care) to the arms of one of his libertine companions, only anxious
to

to avoid the menaces of an enraged Hibernian, and to secure himself from an action of damages.—Such an act, committed by a man of inferior birth, would have disgraced him among his fellows; while *the noble* derives from thence additional *fame*, and a breach of every moral duty in the higher circles is regarded as mere fashionable levity, as the elegant *nonbalance* of polite life.—In that class, distinction keeps pace with *vice*, and a strict observance of morality is deemed dulness and insipidity.

After what I have said of nobility, let me be permitted to make one *honourable* exception: I should be ungrateful indeed, and belie the feelings of my soul, if I did not proclaim *my dear friend*, Lord Hervey, a nobleman possessing honour, generosity and affection—His
heart,

heart, always open to the congenial feelings of humanity, never refused obedience to its sacred impulse. I knew him in his prime of youth, and although now some years have passed since I enjoyed the happiness of seeing him, I am pleased to flatter myself that his soul has escaped the politician's lot,—that it has not become hardened and corrupt.

How often have I observed him check the manly tear which had instinctively started in *his* eye on a recital of my misfortunes! and how sincerely has he appeared to lament the want of *power* to restore me to that situation which I was born to fill in the world!—While living under the protection of Lord Clinton, I endured many unhappy hours, and my affliction did not pass unobserved by my attendants.—One day I was surprised in
tears,

tears, by my own woman, to whom I related my story, as nothing affords more relief to a distressed mind, than giving vent to its sorrows: this compassionate creature, who was by no means privy to his Lordship's plans, advised me to attempt a reconciliation with my husband, which advice I rejected; but, having written a penitent letter to my friend, (the Honourable Mrs. Gage) into whose hands I desired it to be delivered, General Gage himself, who was ever during his life a friend to my family, contrary to *the opinion of his lady*, fetched me instantly away from my lodgings in Lower-Seymour-street, and informed Mr. Coghlan's father that the *fair fugitive* was found; when they held a consultation respecting my future destination, the result of which was, that it would be prudent for me to retire to a

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convent

convent in France. In this opinion I acquiesced, and consequently departed for Calais, where I hired apartments in the Dominican convent. I had not been long in this gloomy retirement, before I was surpris'd with a visit from Lord Thomas Clinton, who inform'd me of the death of his brother, the late Lord Lincoln,—and was pleas'd to say, that his object in coming to Calais was to know if I was happy. Youth is the season of credulity, and flattery never yet was unwelcome to a *female ear*. Being myself naturally of a lively temper, I could but ill adapt my ideas to the dismal solitude of a monastery, or to the melancholy habits of its superstitious inhabitants, and a circumstance* had lately happened,

* Alluding to a ceremony annually observed on All Saints Day, or the Resurrection of Souls, when the bones and skulls of the dead, which had long before been peaceably consign'd to

happened, which had determined me to quit my present companions. I knew it was in vain to ask permission from my friends to return to England, as it had been determined by them that I should continue three years in the convent, and *absolute* orders had been given to the superior, that no stranger should be admitted to see me, unless he brought letters from them. I mentioned this circumstance to Lord Lincoln, but he was too well acquainted with the *secret* *virtue* of that *golden key* which he possessed, to pay attention to such orders. The scrupulous delicacy of Madame Gray, superior of the convent, could not resist the magic of *this key*; her *virtue* yielded, and I consequently dined with

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his

their mother Earth, together with a coffin, are placed in the chapel of the convent, where all the ladies of the society are made to attend the doleful scene at midnight.

his Lordship, nor ever more returned to my *disinterested* friend, Madame Gray, but agreeable to his Lordship's advice, took my passage to England.—The Nuns, alarmed at my flight, wrote to my friends, excusing themselves from having been privy to my escape, and imputing the whole blame to *the woman* whose business it is to walk out with the pensioners, as being auxiliary to my departure.—Soon after my arrival in London, General Gage was informed of my return, and of the place where I had taken up my residence. He immediately dispatched Major Brown to my lodgings, and by him I was acquainted with the misery which my father suffered on my account. Unable to endure the thought of afflicting the tenderest of parents, whom I most affectionately loved, I was easily induced to forego those visionary

tionary and fatal schemes of happiness, which my imagination had formed. Thus restored to my friends, I was fixed by Mrs. Gage with a respectable family near Grovesnor Square.

Sir Charles Gould, who was in habits of correspondence with Major Moncrieffe, paid the expences of my board, at the *Major's desire*. Here I remained two years, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Gage informed me that she had received letters from my father, wherein he expressed his wishes that I would form some plan whereby to gain a future livelihood; that as by my imprudence I had rendered it impossible for *him* to countenance me as *his* daughter, he advised me to endeavour to learn the mantua-making business. The proposal I rejected, considering that I was entitled

to a separate maintenance from my husband, *proportionate to his fortune*. Thus embarrassed, I waited on Lord Amherst, informing him of my unhappy marriage. His Lordship remembered me when in my nurse's arms, which recollection *secured* me in *him* a zealous advocate and mediator with my father; at the same time flattering me with hopes of success. On hearing the intention of the latter, his Lordship was equally surprised with myself: he instantly exclaimed, 'This
'surely would be a curious method to
'restore you to the paths of virtue;' adding, 'that he had a bad opinion of
'such trades for young women.'

—My father was a man of rigid, austere principles, whenever virtue or honour were in question, however indulgent he might be himself on other occasions.

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The severity he manifested in this instance does not derogate in the least from his usual character; the actual dishonour of a beloved daughter pleads a sufficient excuse for any harshness which I may have experienced from him.

Thus deserted, I became almost frantic; I left the family where Mrs. Gage had placed me, and paid a visit to *the man* whose counsels I ought to have shunned. At his Lordship's house I was received a welcome guest: on seeing me, he *satirically smiled*, and said, 'he hoped I had *now* sufficiently felt the rod of correction, and that it would teach me to be regardless of every other consideration but that of improving my own fortune.'—At this period, Lord Lincoln was engaged in a contested election for the city of Westminster, with
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that bright luminary of genius who still shines with such resplendent effulgence in the political world, the Right Honourable Charles Fox.—I was now seventeen years old, and felt a natural inclination for the stage: on this subject I consulted a friend of my father's, Colonel Etherington, who advised me to procure an introduction to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre. Accident, at this juncture, brought me acquainted with the Right Honourable Gentleman just mentioned, (Mr. Fox) whose interest I solicited with Mr. Sheridan, and he, with his usual goodness, recommended me to the latter gentleman, and it was then my intention to have made my *debut* at Drury-Lane House, the following winter.

The frequent opportunities I at this
time

time enjoyed of seeing Mr. Fox, whose affections were then (I believe) disengaged, were of the highest service to me; dulness itself could not have failed to profit from the instructions of so able and eloquent a friend. During my acquaintance with this amiable and benevolent man, my soul was consecrated to all the sweet emotions of friendship, and happy should I have been had this intimacy lasted;—but, alas! such happiness was not reserved for me. Engaged in the pursuit of most honourable ambition, his heart was ever open to the more endearing virtues of private life. The zealous, enthusiastic patriot was no less the sincere affectionate friend—the tender, the ardent lover; and, perhaps, in no one man were ever before united so many engaging, so many transcendent qualities; insomuch, that the character
given

given of him in the House of Commons, by his friend Sir Charles Bunbury, seems by no means exaggerated—‘ That he was even a hero to his valet de chambre !’

The giddiness of extreme youth, and remarkable levity of my disposition at that time, was not calculated to secure the attachment of this illustrious character, although in every subsequent trial I have found in him a most complaisant and liberal benefactor.

It was now my destiny to become acquainted with a man in almost every instance the reverse of the former, but he still possessed that *charm*, which, with my turn for extravagance, supported the place of every other. Mr. Fazakerley was *rich*, and what rendered him yet

yet more valuable in my sight, he was *generous!* He offered me his house, and presented to me his purse; money seemed no object to him, and such a man was adapted to my purpose. Nevertheless, it was my nature to be candid, I therefore frankly told him that I was four months advanced in pregnancy; and concluded by saying, that he probably might deem this circumstance an obstacle to our connection. He waved however the objection, made the most liberal offers, insisted on my applying to no other quarter for protection, and during four years he supported me and my *daughter*, without permitting me to draw from Mr. Fox the least supply whatever.

Mr. Fazakerley made with me the tour of Europe, and did all in his power
to

to cultivate my understanding, and to give me all that superficial knowledge and acquirements which are considered to yield such a polish to our *travelled ladies*. - If I had not profited by the advantages that offered themselves during my acquaintance with this gentleman, I should deserve more misfortunes than I have even yet endured, if it were possible they could fall to the lot of any one human being; but, I trust that my mind has not been *altogether* unimproved; and if my heart may have been corrected by the former gentleman, my understanding and person have certainly acquired graces and accomplishments from the pains bestowed on me by the latter. I am therefore bound to acknowledge those obligations to Mr. Fazakerley, for the attention I received from him during *four years*, as well as
for

for many liberal pecuniary favours; but as to real happiness, I never enjoyed it under the auspices of *this gentleman*, his temper being extremely morose and *capricious*; nor had he any of those qualities formed to conciliate the affections of a delicate woman.

At the end of four years, this connection was dissolved, and unfortunately for me, all his *friendship* perished with it.

During my misfortunes, he has never listened to my complaints; the more miseries were accumulated on my wretched *head*, the more callous did his *heart* seem to what I suffered, and he at length concluded by withdrawing an annuity of two hundred pounds, which he had *promised should be continued during my life*.

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I had

I had now formed an acquaintance with Lord Hervey. Of this noble Lord I have spoken in the preceding pages, and even at this moment I cannot reflect on the virtues and splendid qualities that distinguish the mind and person of his Lordship, without the most lively sensibility. With him I enjoyed, for several months, all the comforts and delights of domestic life, and with him I continued until he was appointed, by his Britannic Majesty, Envoy at a foreign court.

Attached to my native country (America) I fancy the reader will have already discovered that I am by no means a friend to arbitrary principles; nor is it because I admire the *man*, that I am to be considered a convert to his *political notions*.

I was

I was therefore concerned when I read the manifesto which he published at that court, during his embassy. Nothing, however, can abate the lively gratitude and esteem which my heart feels for this valuable friend.—His Lordship had left me only a few months, when I brought forth a pledge of our union, a daughter, whom death soon ravished from me: previous to which loss, a new and amiable connection called me back to Ireland, where I received the above fatal intelligence, which was a terrible drawback upon the happiness I then enjoyed. Captain B*****, my new lover, was every way calculated to obliterate the impression I might have received from former admirers, and to sooth the affliction which I felt for the loss of my dear and beloved child. From him I have uniformly experienced every kindness

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that

that the tenderest affection could bestow. The roving habits of a military life did not admit any *permanent* attachment of this nature; but it is sufficiently flattering to me, that Mr. B***** never omitted an occasion of seeking my society.

The fruits of our connection are two sons, both now living, and both happy under the protection of their worthy parent, who is himself lately united in marriage with a lady who, I am told, possesses every virtue and every necessary accomplishment to secure his happiness, and with whom I ardently wish him a continuation of all the blessings and enjoyments which he so eminently deserves. Let me, however, indulge the hope, without wishing to strew the thorns of jealousy or discontent on *her* bridal pillow, that he will never *utterly* neglect his
former

former friend, the mother of his children. Humanity, and friendship for others, are not uncongenial with conjugal fidelity, and if I am rightly informed of Lady A——'s character, she is not the woman to encourage a dereliction of those duties. The honourable connection that Mr. B***** has formed is incompatible with the union that once subsisted between us, and if previous thereto there had been any chasm in that union, it was because his *fortune* could not keep pace with my former extravagance.

Confident am I, from all the proofs I have had of his generous and affectionate heart, that the manifold sorrows I have undergone, if he had possessed the power, I should have been spared the suffering. I could dwell longer on this endearing theme, but prudence commands me to draw the veil.

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I now

I now enter on the subject of a gentleman, whom honour, gratitude, and every refined sentiment which dignifies the soul of woman, and impresses it with a sense of past obligation, compel me to mention. Generosity and sincerity were his shining characteristics—a friend to all mankind, *himself* excepted. The openness of Mr. Giffard's disposition everlastingly exposed him to the villanies and base projects of nefarious gamblers and intriguers of every description; nay, even in that elevated circle of aristocracy in which he moved, there were not wanting *ennobled wretches* to form their schemes of plunder and robbery against him. The losses which Mr. Giffard sustained from these *honourable* connections were fatal to himself and family. Unsuspicious of the treachery to which he had been the dupe, he paid to the last
guinea,

guinea, although to accomplish that payment he had been obliged to discharge his establishment, and to dispose of his equipage. Stupid must be the mind that would not have been corrected by fatal experience like this, and happy am I to learn, that from a regular system of œconomy which he has of late adopted, and through the interposition of his relations, his finances are repaired, and thus a most worthy man restored to his country.

Ungrateful should I be if I did not rejoice in every prosperity which he enjoys. From him, during the time I was so happy as to partake of his esteem, I received pecuniary favours that almost outran my own extravagance—and it was only the derangement of his affairs, that could have put a period to them.

While

While with Mr. Giffard, my humble roof was often visited by princes of the Blood Royal, and by Nobles of the highest distinction—and here, I should do a violence to my own feelings, if I did not draw a just comparison in favour of *plebeian virtue*; let me then honestly proclaim to the world, superior to flattery or dissimulation, that in my journey through life I have found more liberality of sentiment, more candour and ingenuousness in this plain country gentleman, and others of a similar description, than I ever experienced from a certain Duke of royal lineage.

But where is the wonder? Fidelity to *vows* is not the virtue of *princes*. At perjuries with women they only laugh. During my hard distresses in a horrid jail, often did I apply to *this Royal Le-
thario*,

thario, this perfidious Lovelace, but who, alas! had none of the accomplishments that Lovelace could boast of; and the fruit of my application was silence—dead, monotonous, obstinate silence! Beware then, ye of my unhappy sex, how ye are beguiled by the gew-gaw of royal splendour! Nursed in the lap of luxury, satiated with enjoyments, the hearts of princes are callous to the purer delights of exquisite sensibility. Princes live only for themselves; they conceive that *men* and *women* are made merely for *them*, to be the passive instruments of their voluptuousness, and are only surprised when the least recompence is required from them, as a poor indemnity for the dearest sacrifices that have been made to sooth their passions. All I can say is, that if this princely *Lothario* shines not with *greater advantage* in the plains
of

of Mars than he excels in the groves of Venus, the combined forces have little to expect from his martial exertions.

In the month of May, 1788, annoyed by my creditors, and Mr. Giffard's finances being at that time exceedingly deranged, he could only offer certain terms to my creditors, giving one thousand pounds into the hands of Mr. Thomas Vaughan, of Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, for the purpose of settling with them; while it was judged expedient that I should transport myself to the continent, there to remain during eight or ten months. I should be loth to cast reflections on any man, and I conceive it now necessary to extricate Mr. Vaughan from aspersions which have been thrown out against him.

My

My debts at this time amounted to near three thousand pounds, including attorney's bills, for it has been my lot always to pay full sixty shillings for every twenty: it was therefore proposed, that the one thousand pounds so generously granted by my munificent friend should be applied only to the payment of such debts as had been contracted while I resided under the protection of Mr. Giffard, considering himself in honour bound to discharge them. But first, there was an offer made to all my creditors in general, of ten shillings in the pound, which they were foolish enough to refuse: thus I was under the necessity of protracting my residence abroad.

On my arrival in Paris, I had taken my residence at the Hotel de l'Université, where it was my fortune to meet

once

once more that favourite of the fair sex, that renowned warrior, equal to both, and armed for either field, whose glorious exploits in the blood-stained ranks of Long-Island and Charleston can testify, and whose superior excellence in those softer engagements, in the Italian vales, Mademoiselle la Maire and so many other Parisian belles have equally witnessed.

This heroic chief, this second Agamemnon, uniting all accomplishments—the fiercest soldier in war, the gentlest swain in love—did me the *honour* to take me under his protection.

He was my cecisbeo who made me acquainted with all the beauties of that superb and magnificent city; he introduced me into all the gay and brilliant circles, of which he himself shone the splendid

splendid ornament. The intelligent reader, on perusing the above, will not be at a loss to discover, that I allude to General D*****. With this military and amorous Quixote there was a young man, nearly related, and to whom, such is the strange organization of the female mind! I am fair to confess, that I gave the *preference* over his formidable and illustrious rival. Jealousy is the characteristic of *love*—I had made an impression on the heart of the veteran beau; he *suspected* (and his *suspensions* were not wrong) that there was a secret understanding between myself and his younger companion: yielding thereto, he kept a steady watch over all our actions, and when the silent hour approached that lovers dedicate to the deity of their adoration, my antique admirer, eager to convince himself of the truth of what he suspected,

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posted

posted himself in an obscure corner, where, by favour of the moon, he traced Sir R——* to my apartments,—and, as soon as he knew that his conjectures were well founded, he withdrew all friendship, and, I fear, has never since forgiven me.—‘ At lover’s quarrels,’ they say, ‘ Jove laughs ;’ although this quarrel turned out serious, since no correspondence has subsisted between us since the above fatal period. But if *Agamemnon* withdrew himself, he still left a *Paris* behind to console me,

Sir Robert Harland the next day informed me, that my late admirer was so exceedingly offended, that it would render my longer continuance, in the same hotel, very disagreeable ;——I therefore departed, taking lodgings at the Hotel

* Sir R***** H*****.

Hotel de la Reine, Rue des Bons Enfans.—I was no sooner settled in my new apartment, than one of my servants told me that my husband lodged in the same house, and as he was the *last man* in the world whom I wished to see, I instantly took leave of the landlord, and went to Madame Lafar's Hotel Rue Caumartin; a *lady* who happily possesses the *convenient accommodating* talents of obliging all her guests, both male and female, never asking impertinent questions, and being perfectly indifferent as to the mode of arrangement amongst them. In this hotel I found the *famous* Colonel Mc. Carthy, who was pleased to *honour* me with his *particular* attention. By this gentleman I was introduced to the Marquis de Genlis, whose superb hotel was the constant receptacle of all the *elegants* of that once

luxurious city.—*This nobleman*, in his youth, had been the most accomplished *petit maitre* of the day, and in the decline of life, when I knew him, he reminded me very much, both in his dress and address, of our old Duke of Q—. The French Marquis, however, was rather more celebrated for hospitality than the Scotch Duke.—When I retrace in my imagination the nocturnal orgies, and every refinement of luxury, that was visible in this temple of voluptuousness, contrasting it with the present gloomy scene, which my mind pictures to itself, I, in some measure, forget my own sorrows: The Graces, I am told, have entirely abandoned that city, where they had so long resided:—Stern, inexorable republican virtue has usurped the empire which they once held, and politics now supply the place of gallantry

try and love.—The ill-fated brother of M. de Genlis, the Marquis de Sillery, husband to the accomplished writer of that name, tainted by education with the prejudices of *aristocracy*, and vitiated by the long habits of Parisian debauchery, has lately suffered under the fatal axe of the guillotine; and this example, confirmed by so many others, ought to serve as a wholesome and most useful lesson, how, at this juncture, persons embark on the dangerous ocean of politics, unless they are really and honestly attached to the principles which they profess.—

The Jacobin Club is undoubtedly (whatever it may be in other respects) the most vigilant and enlightened corps of diplomacy in Europe. Innumerable instances have proved the impossibility

of escaping their keen, penetrating researches, and the least deviation from the path of the Constitution, (that is, from the unity and indivisibility of the Republic) is sure to meet detection, and to be followed by an ignominious death. Let us then implore the grace of Divine Providence to put an end to these horrors!

To resume the thread of my narrative —About the latter end of July, 1788, a Mr. Beckett, with whom I become acquainted, and for which acquaintance I am indebted to my old friend Colonel Freemantle, *came to Paris*. He lived in the same hotel with myself, in the greatest splendour; his table was continually crouded by persons of the highest rank, amongst whom were the late unfortunate Duc d'Orleans, the Ducs de Montmorenci,

Montmorenci, Pienne, Prince Louis d'Aremberg, Marquis de Bouille, &c. &c. &c.—Amidst my manifold misfortunes, I consider it some consolation that the persons with whom I have been acquainted were the most part distinguished for genius and talents, and this young man was remarkably so:—Mr. Beckett flattered me by his addresses, at a time when all the Parisian beauties were emulous with each other for his affections: whether it were vanity, affection, preference, or any sentiment bordering on self-love, I will not say; but, living in the same hotel with him, he continually made choice of me as the Sultana to preside at his table, and I had the direction of all his entertainments. At the end of four months, after various oblique and fruitless hints, Madame Lafar became clamorous for payment of
her

her bill, which amounted to the *small sum* of five hundred pounds. He drew bills upon his father for fifteen hundred pounds, which were the amount of his whole debts. A special courier was dispatched to England, and as the father would not, or could not, pay the extravagant demands of his son, the bills returned to Paris *protested*.—In this situation I advised him to consult his own countrymen, then in Paris: He was at that time intimately acquainted with Lord Gillford, son of Lord Clanwilliam. This young nobleman assured him that he had only a few hours to determine on his escape, as he had private information that Madame Lafar meant to arrest him.—I must do Mr. Beckett the justice to say, that it was with the utmost reluctance that he pursued the advice of his friends, as he expressed
strong

strong apprehensions for my safety; however, touched with his generosity, I became entirely regardless of myself, and positively *insisted on his flight*,—and he yielded obedience.—He had not departed many hours before all his creditors were in an uproar; the hue and cry was raised, that an Englishman had run away for his debts: the police officers were sent after him, but returned with sorrowful countenances, their mission unaccomplished.——

Madame Lafar, *who, poor dear woman!* was the principal sufferer, now turned all her vengeance against me, knowing that I had a travelling post-chaise and a chariot, together with several valuable effects; on these articles she fixed *her attention*, determined to plunder me.

Two

Two days after Mr. Beckett left Paris I was, while on a visit at Madame Smith's, informed by Mr. Robert Knight, (another of the few good men I have found in the world) that his carriage had just been surrounded by a party of armed ruffians, inquiring for me, and he had scarcely uttered the words when the house of Madame Smith was beset by at least an hundred men, preceded by Mr. de Lomprey, exempt de police. *My friends*, alarmed for my situation, (for I was then seven months advanced in pregnancy) intreated the exempt to dismiss his followers—Mr. Knight kindly pledging himself to be responsible for any complaint which they had to make against me. Mr. de Lomprey replied, 'that he had a *lettre de cachet* from the King, ordering me to close confinement in the *Hotel de la Force*.' My valuable friend,

friend, who was a young man of very independent fortune, would not suffer this arbitrary act of power to be exercised against an helpless woman, without first demanding that satisfaction to which he thought me entitled. He, therefore, at that late hour, went to the Duke of Dorset, the *English* Ambassador: his Grace was from home: thus I was obliged to go, at two o'clock in the morning, to that mansion of slavery, the Hotel de la Force. I had with me my infant son, then only two years old. The innocence of this tender lamb, - who seemed sensible that some misfortune had happened, overcame what resolution I possessed; he held up his little hands and cried out, 'Oh! you shall not hurt my Mother!' Mr. Knight, however, comforted me by every assurance of protecting the child, and carried him away
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in his carriage, having first attended me himself to the wretched apartment destined for me. A miserable *bed of straw*, with one wretched blanket, was all the furniture in the room, and the floor was completely covered with vermin. 'Till this moment I was a stranger to prisons; therefore, perhaps, my mind was more sensible to the *shock*: but even now that I have been habituated to the horrors of confinement, I cannot conceive such a dreadful epitome of wretchedness as this vile dungeon, on mature reflection, still appears to be; and, for the sake of humanity, I fervently pray, that if it be not already done, the new government of France may utterly destroy *familiar abominations*.

—My woman, the faithful partner of all my misfortunes, accompanied me,
nor

nor could even this spectacle of horror induce her to forsake her mistress. We passed the few remaining hours conversing on the sudden transition of *fortune*—I wished to convince her of the mutability of human happiness—In three days I was reduced from scenes of pleasure and tranquility to my present wretched condition ! As soon as day approached, we examined our sad habitation: the first object that struck my eye was a huge tremendous padlock, projecting from the ceiling, and to which was fastened an immense *iron* collar. We could not at first imagine the use of this frightful instrument; but my poor, faithful attendant soon guessed it, and exclaimed, ‘ O, Madam ! it is to ‘ fasten us up at night ! ’ She had scarce uttered these words when the jailer appeared, (for, in France, it is a duty exacted from the keeper of such a place to

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pay personal attendance to the unfortunate *in his power* :) he had a great bunch of keys in his hand: he walked up to me, and immediately cried out, ‘ *Oh, Ciel! quel dommage!* ’ adding, that he had received orders from the government to treat me with the greatest respect. This civil Frenchman ended his harangue by requesting me to give him permission to order my breakfast. I thanked him for his politeness, but declined receiving any refreshment until my friends came to me. At a very early hour (before noon) Mr. Knight, accompanied by Mr. Western, the present member for Malden, paid me a visit. These gentlemen, in concert with Capt. Winder, of the guards, were for ever employed to obtain my liberty, availing themselves of a most necessary and humane law that exists in France, prohibiting the imprisonment of pregnant

nant women for debt. If such laws were in full force under the most despotic government of Europe, how much more consistent were it in force under that which calls itself the most free? Aged persons were also exempt from this penalty; but here our ears are for ever stunned with the sound of liberty and humanity! women in the pangs of child-bed—men in the agonies of death, (such instances have occurred) in virtue of a sheriff's writ, may be dragged to the most *loathsome jail*. Were it not then devoutly to be wished, ~~that~~ our legislators, instead of empty panegyric, would afford us a little of the substance? In my own opinion, who have had some experience in these cases, the reason why such horrible laws are suffered to exist, is under the supposition of their being seldom or ever executed; the fact, how-

ever, is notoriously otherwise; at all events, policy, as well as mercy, requires, *the* national character demands, that the life of freemen should not be exposed to the discretion, or depend on the pity, of a sheriff's officer.

Madame Lafar, alarmed lest I should escape out of the snare she had laid, endeavoured to persuade my friends I was not in the predicament described; but all her projects failed, as they insisted on a consultation of the faculty, who ascertained my pregnancy; at the same time expressing apprehensions of immediate labour from the sudden revolution I had undergone. In this situation, a female of my acquaintance (although by no means a lady of rigid virtue, not therefore less susceptible of generosity and compassion) immediately repaired to
 Monsieur

Monfieur Pacquet, then firft Prefident of the Parliament of Paris, relating the circumftance, and at the fame time giving a miniature picture of me. This gentleman went the following day to Verfailles, and informing Monfieur and the Comte d'Artois, *the late King's* brothers, of my misfortune, they, with a generous fympathy rarely to be found in princes, and which caufes me to lament moft bitterly their bad reverse of fortune, took pity on my fituation and became my advocates; and in a few hours I received his Majefty's order for my releafe. The Comte d'Artois, in particular, entered into the hardships of my cafe, and on delivering the King's fignature, cancelling the letter de cachet, advifed that I fhould put myfelf under protection of his palace,* fignifying that Mr. Beckett's

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creditors

* The Temple at Paris, where Louis XVI.

creditors might then proceed against me in a court of law. The instant I returned from prison, I went accordingly to the Place du Temple, where I had not remained many hours before I received a visit from the Duc de F——, another nobleman who also boasts of royal blood in his veins, but whose actions unfortunately were not calculated to efface those unfavourable prepossessions with which I had been inspired by a similar conduct in a *truly* royal Duke, who now makes such a capital figure on the theatre of European politics. The familiar epithet applied to the ci-devant Duc de F—— in Paris, (that loyal and renowned emigrant) was an *escroc* (in English signifying sharper or Greek.) All I can say is,
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and the royal family were confined, was formerly a palace occupied by the Comte d'Artois, and its environs afforded protection to unhappy insolvent debtors.

that I have no reason to dispute the propriety of the application.

In my new abode I had soon the mortification to learn from my servants, that my two carriages, together with all my clothes and jewels, were seized by Mr. Beckett's creditors, so that I was, in an instant, stripped of every necessary, in a country where I had no connections but such as had been formed on the principles of interest. Thus circumstanced, a young Irish nobleman, in whose favour I had made an exception, and from my general opinion of his friendship I had confidence, I frankly communicated what had befallen me, and received from his Lordship every assurance of *protection*; but his fortune not being adequate to his generosity, he immediately proposed a subscription amongst
my

my friends then in Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours I found myself, through their exertions, in possession of two hundred and fifty louis d'or's.

I have before observed, that adversity is the true criterion of friendship, and I am bound in gratitude to render justice to that virtue in the French nation.

In France I ever met with the greatest humanity, tempered with delicacy and politeness; and if my misfortunes, during the latter part of my residence in that country, called for the aid of others, I also received it; at the same time it was always conveyed in a manner which reflected honour on the generous donors, ever unaccompanied with those disgusting marks of ostentation which too frequently attend acts of pecuniary relief.

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I remained six months in the Temple, and returned to England ten days before that *glorious* epoch, the 14th of July, 1789, when Frenchmen threw off for ever THE YOKE OF SLAVERY. Oh! may that day yield an awful and impressive lesson! It forms an æra replete with events still in the womb of time to produce. It threatens destruction to long established systems—to long established orders. It presages revolution, and strikes at those antique governments, in defence of which so many of my ancestors have bled.

Should they have bled in vain, and if a new order of things be destined to succeed, may humanity still profit by the change! may a more equal distribution of sublunary enjoyments banish from the face of the earth those scenes of horror
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that have so long tortured the sight and disgraced the policy of social institutions! Perhaps the Millennium, so long and so anxiously anticipated, is at hand, when nations will be linked in one fraternal bond—when civil discord and foreign wars shall cease to desolate the world. Whichever party may prevail in this tremendous crisis, my only prayer is, that it may terminate to the advantage and improvement of the human race!—The reader will pardon these frequent digressions; they arise naturally from the subject, and are the spontaneous emanations of a soul fraught with sensibility, and glowing with zeal for the general happiness and improvement of mankind. I have formerly experienced from Frenchmen compassion and generosity; and I have sometimes found those virtues in the English. Born in America,

rica, and resident many years in England, I feel no local partialities, no prepossessions or disgusts—my country is the world! and whatever the political sentiments of others may be, I consider it the duty of citizens to yield implicit submission to the laws of that government under which they live.

Passing eighteen months in France, under her ancient monarchy, I had the opportunity of manifesting my respect to the laws which then existed; and if I were at present in that nation, now that it has judged proper to adopt the republican form of government, I should hold myself equally bound, faithfully to obey the laws of that Republic.

Such are my opinions, which I believe are founded in truth and justice, and I
should

should be ever emulous to preserve the character of a *peaceful*, and, I hope, in future, to add, of a *virtuous* citizen.

It is the fashion amongst us, vehemently and outrageously to condemn the French for the excesses and cruelties they have committed; but we must in candour allow, that in the progress of this war they have been at least equalled in acts of cruelty by the Prussians and Austrians, and far surpassed therein by their own emigrants. Very lately an account was transmitted to the convention, by one of its commissioners at Lille, of an Austrian soldier taken prisoner, on seaching whom it was discovered that his cartridges were poisoned, which at once explained the cause of that amazing mortality which had prevailed amongst the French wounded soldiers.

Monseigneur

Monfieur Beaulieu, an Austrian general, on a late occafion, previous to an engagement, likewise fignified to his troops that prifoners were only an incumbrance, in confequence of which the foldiers took *the hint* and gave no quarter.

What tender heart then but recoils from thofe dreadful profcriptions and executions which now daily take place in that diftracted country! but as in morals, it would be held madnefs to harbour in our bofom a ferpent to fling us to death; fo in politics, the maxim holds equally good. France cannot be denied to have contained innumerable enemies within her bofom, and from the exterminating principles of this deftructive war, which operate equally on both fides, it is evident if fhe wifhed to consolidate her government, that if fhe do not

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strive to destroy those enemies they will finally succeed to destroy the republic. Let us then be just amidst the violence of revolutionary paroxysms. We are not to expect *that* temper and moderation which ought to be the basis of settled, tranquil governments, but which (we fatally experience) is too seldom the characteristics of such governments.

To return to my subject :—When I arrived in London, I sent to my house in New Cavendish-street, desiring a female servant, whom I had left in charge of it, to come to the hotel. She gave me to understand, that although several of my creditors were much dissatisfied with the manner in which Mr. Vaughan had disposed of the money destined to settle their demands, still they were by no means inclined to harraßs me.

These

These assurances encouraged me to return to my own house, and in a few days I called a meeting of all my unsatisfied creditors (acting in this instance as my own attorney :) from them I obtained a letter of licence; I however was so foolish as to ask for only six months indulgence, when they would readily have granted it for as many years; there were, nevertheless, two obdurate, ungrateful creditors, linen drapers of Oxford-street, who, regardless of the many obligations which they owed to me and my friends, thought proper to arrest me, contrary to the opinion of all the rest who had any claims against me. With these men I had dealt for years, in which time they had both received from me several hundred pounds, and now they thought proper to have me confined for the moderate sum of three

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hundred

hundred and fifty pounds: my own attorney civilly leaving me in a spunging-house, to get out as I could. In this hour of distress, when friendship makes the deepest impression, a gentleman* of Furnival's Inn came fortunately to the house, and hearing of my confinement, generously became my bail. And here let me again pour forth the tribute of a grateful heart! but words are inadequate to express the sense that I have of *his* liberality and kindness. Unacquainted with the chicanery, villainy, and hard-heartedness of other lawyers, from which I have so cruelly suffered, from certain experience, he rose, in my opinion, above every man in his profession. He found me beset by plunderers, Jews, and swindlers, combined to rob me of what property I possessed.

The

* Mr. Chambers.

The sufferings I had hitherto endured had not operated the necessary conviction, or hindrance, in choice of acquaintance : I have ever been the dupe of the worthless part of both sexes ; and, at this time, I was stupidly infatuated with the society of a certain Jewess.—

—This woman possessed several natural good qualities, qualities which far over-balanced her faults ; and as it is impossible for any human production to be perfect, I overlooked her imperfections, and adopted her as my bosom friend. Mrs. G—— had a mother who was ever in league with bailiffs and low attornies, and often have both her daughter and myself suffered from her unnatural intrigues.

—In the month of November, 1789,

it was necessary that I should either surrender to Mr. Chambers, or settle the debts for which he was answerable. I therefore consulted this female serpent, whom I had nursed in my bosom to sting me; she gave it as her advice, that it would be prudent for me to call upon the plaintiff's attorney, who, she was pleased to remark, would be happy to become one of my humble *slaves*. Eager to exonerate my good friend Mr. Chambers, from any danger, on my account, I applied to an attorney of Ely-place, and proposed to give security for the debt in which he was concerned. This *accomplished limb of the law*, seeing me in a splendid equipage, agreed to accept my own terms, and insinuated himself so far into my good opinion, that he afterwards completely ruined me, plundering me *of the last guinea*. I have since
learned

learned that Mr. P——, in order to enhance his own costs, made it his business to discover the credulous part of my creditors, whose debts being small, were prevailed on to sue me; and in one of these instances, I can attest that I was taken in execution for five pounds, and paid twenty for it. Fourteen days after I had agreed to employ Mr. P——, he delivered to me his bill of costs, *modestly* making me his debtor two hundred and twenty-two pounds. I had, at this time, three hundred and fifty pounds to receive from Mr. Giffard, and as it was not immediately convenient for the latter gentleman to advance the money, I requested this virtuous practitioner, this ornament of *attorneyship*, to wait a few weeks for payment; but he had far other views; he had a scheme in agitation, which entirely precluded all impertinent

pertinent clamours of conscience. He, as I have before observed, was instructed with my circumstances, and while I was loaded with various debts, some of which were enormous, he took a lawyer-like and *conscientious* advantage of my female weakness, seducing me to make over all the furniture of my house to him—a delusion that finally led to my *destruction*. I could wish to speak with moderation concerning this man, but my wrongs are such, that, waving irony, I must intreat permission to speak with freedom. The very moment I had executed the bond which made him master of my effects, he sent one *Ross*, a sheriff's officer, to take possession of them, although he had given me his *sacred word* OF HONOUR, that he would never proceed, unless to protect me from other executions. Not satisfied with

with this base and perfidious act, he was also the person who advised another creditor to sue me for sixty pounds. On hearing of this writ, I was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, and on the next day, when I sent one of my servants to my house for a change of clothes, they were refused; the man in possession signifying, that he had positive orders not to suffer any property to be taken out of the house. In this dilemma, I once more applied to my much valued and *never-failing friend*, Mr. G*****, and received from him two hundred pounds, which I paid to this IMMACULATE attorney, requesting he would withdraw the execution. He answered, that the sum was not sufficient, (although he was pleased to take it) as his demand was now increased to fifty pounds more; therefore, he persisted
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in selling the effects, and I have never, to this hour, received any account from him, although it is pretty well known, that the produce of that sale brought him a very considerable sum of money, besides the two hundred pounds I had before advanced him.

—His next object was my coach, but that he might get it in his possession with as much *decency* as possible, he *affected* to secure it to himself, by an assignment to a friend. Fool as I was, after my experience, I consented to his proposal, and had he desired me to sign my own death-warrant (such was the *ascendancy* he had then over me,) I verily believe that I should have obeyed the proceedings of this VIRTUOUS practitioner.

I had

I had not long executed the assignment, before my coach was seized in behalf of his brother-in-law, a linen-draper, and sold (or rather given away) for one hundred and twenty pounds, although I had paid Mr. Godsal four hundred pounds for it, and never used it more than eight months.

—The next step of this truly honest attorney was to get my person seized, and it is a fact well known, that the monster, under pretence of taking me before the late Lord Chancellor, on business, sold me to bailiffs. Thus I was arrested, and dragged to a spunging-house, where I was locked up seven weeks; during which time, I employed myself in endeavouring to arrange my affairs. It was repeatedly proposed to me to make an application to my friends;

friends; but, unaccustomed to solicit favours, I declined the proposal, and reconciled myself to the idea of ending my days in a prison.

—In this spunging-house I remained until Easter term, 1790, when I was compelled to take up my abode in the King's Bench: and now I consider it a tribute of justice due from me not to confound the liberal creditor with the designing, wicked Shylocks who condemned me to prison, having met with the greatest indulgence and liberality from all my principal creditors. They who oppressed me were the persons who had the least right to do so; and, sorry am I to say, to the utter disgrace of *my own sex*, that the two creditors whose cruelty and inflexible obstinacy obliged me to continue *two years* in the
King's

King's Bench, were women, milleners; one of whom had been in the habit of cheating me for a number of years. When I balanced accounts with her, I had receipts for fourteen hundred pounds, and yet the conscience of this *honest woman* (for she is married) did not scruple to declare, that she would never release me, until I either paid three hundred pounds, or gave security for the like sum.

—A young man of fashion, who was at that time unable to extricate me out of my difficulties, wished to awaken the feelings of this married *lady*, this paragon of her sex! and intreated her to remember, that my situation claimed *some compassion*, for I was then pregnant with my youngest son, whom I mentioned in the beginning of these Memoirs. She replied, that it was quite immaterial whe-

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ther I was brought to bed in a *prison* or
 elsewhere. Soaring above the feelings of
 humanity, this dealer in flimsy, smug-
 gled commodities, persisted in pursuit
 of her dearly loved self, and forced me
 to endure all the miseries of a loathsome
 jail. Torn from the bosom of my native
 country, I bore my sorrows in silence,
 unknown, unpitied! having met with
 few friends disinterested enough to prove
 their regard while I was incapable of
 making them any return. Such is the
 instability of mankind! While we can
 administer to their pleasures, or gratify
 their vanity, they are our abject slaves;
 the scene once changed, then adieu to
 friendship! Thus situated, destitute of
 all support, except such as the precarious
 benevolence of a few friends allowed me,
 I was advised to sue my husband for a
 separate maintenance, who, regardless of
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the ties of honour and duty, was publicly living with a woman of *notorious character*, whom he still suffers to *assume my name*, and I am told he has even the indecency to introduce her into several respectable families, calling her his wife.* But to clear up the deception, I beg leave to say, although it be *a title* I never sought, it is my misfortune *still to drag* those horrid chains of matrimony and SLAVERY which never can be dissolved but by *his death or mine*.

The action which I exhibited against him, proving, from the most respectable witnesses, his cruelties, gained me the support that my necessities then called for, but not before I had endured every misery that hunger, cold and confinement could inflict.

M 2

Sir

* Mr. John Coghlan resides in Chester Place, London, and the Isle of Thanet, county of Kent.

Sir William Scott, the Judge of the Consistory Court of London, sentenced my husband to allow me one hundred and seventy pounds a year, during the time that our cause was depending. He refusing to comply with the decree, was publicly excommunicated in his own parish church, St. George's, Hanover-square. Under these deplorable circumstances, the time now approached when I was to suffer ten thousand additional horrors:—My friends, more anxious to preserve my life than I was, had provided a gentleman of the faculty to attend me during my lying-in: when I was taken ill he was sent for, who being from home could not reach the King's Bench before ten o'clock. At that hour it is the constant and often *fatal* practice to shut the gates, whereby many an innocent and valuable life has been lost. Any attempt
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to break through this barbarous custom would have been vain. The life of a woman is not considered as worth preservation at the expence of breaking through the established rules of a jail. Nevertheless, humanity bleeds in reflecting on these abuses, sanctioned by law, which are still allowed to exist without an effort from those in whom the power is vested to remove them.

In this critical and lamentable state I remained several hours, struggling with death. The only professional man in the place was a very young surgeon, who at first offered his assistance, but afterwards declined it, considering my situation too dangerous for him to be of any service; however, his delicacy was afterwards over-ruled, and, owing to his kind interference, I was snatched from death, to

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be reserved for a series of new calamities. Delivered from the agonies of child-bed, my infant was suffered to remain naked for two days; for, alas! the unfortunate mother had not clothes even for herself!—In this deplorable state we both continued, till an unknown friend, touched with compassion, remitted me a few guineas.

I should commit an injury against my own feelings, if I did not here declare, that I have every reason to believe myself indebted for this humane act to Mr. Walker, the late Marshal of the King's Bench, as I afterwards experienced from him every kind attention possible for one fellow-creature to shew another.—May I, on this occasion, be permitted to hold forth myself as an example to the giddy, dissipated fair ones of my sex, now, perhaps,

haps, in full enjoyment of the smiles and adulation of men? Beware, then, ye lovely victims of their crocodile caresses! while the sunshine of fortune beams around you—while the bloom of beauty lasts and the charms of novelty hold their sway, waste not your precious hours in unprofitable idleness and wild extravagance: make the false dissemblers, while they pay homage to your beauty, provide also for your interest: lay up stores against a *rainy day*. I, like you, when I thought myself beloved, now too late discover that all was flattery: the tempest came unexpectedly on—none of my gay friends approached at my bidding—I was left to bide the pelting of this pitiless storm in a horrid jail, naked and penniless, with a new-born infant at my breast, crying for the sustenance that famished nature refused! and when my
former

former gay companions, on whom I vainly thought I could depend, kept all aloof, I was relieved, at last, by the fortuitous generosity of an utter stranger. Let me hope, therefore, my fate will serve as a lesson to others, that they may not founder on the rock on which I am wrecked.—

Five weeks after my lying-in, a message came from Mr. Walker, signifying that he wished to see me: I was shewn to his house, where, after lamenting, in the kindest terms, the hardships I had suffered, he declared how much he was concerned to see in a prison a woman, who, he was pleased to say, deserved a better fate; and, at the same time, with a delicacy peculiar to liberal minds, and incompatible, one should have thought, with his situation, intreated me to accept
a trifle

a trifle as a pledge of his friendship,—giving into my hand a piece of paper, which, on my return to my apartment, I found to contain three guineas, with these lines:—‘Never, while you remain here, neglect applying to me in your moments of pecuniary want.’—My adverse stars soon deprived me of this new friend, who was, shortly afterwards, seized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, leaving behind an amiable character, well worthy of his successor’s imitation. May he, like Mr. Walker, remember, that he is placed in a situation where he has all the most important duties of humanity to perform, and in which a neglect of them would be still more criminal than the just and liberal performance of them would be amiable and meritorious. Nevertheless, I must ingeniously confess, speaking of the King’s Bench

Bench prison, (and I am told other prisons are still more wretched) that the evil exists in itself; and although a jailer may certainly correct the horrors of the system, yet it is impossible for him effectually to remove it. The corruptions of a jail, according to the present establishment, call aloud for legislative interference; and while such corruptions are acknowledged on all sides, there can be only one reason why no attempt is made to destroy them, and that is the immense emoluments derived therefrom by the principal and subaltern practitioners of the law. It is not the partial delusive scheme of oppression against a few wretched attornies that can produce any material benefit; it may serve as a temporary manœuvre to reconcile us to the barbarous practice a little while longer. But the whole Augean stable must be cleansed.

cleanfed. It is not the *petty rogue* that constitutes the great nuisance: we muft go through all the different gradations of the infamy before we can hope to render any effectual fervice: experience enables me to fpeak with decifion on this fubject, and all I can fay is, that if every other department of government is in the fame corrupt ftate as that of which I am now fpeaking, we are in a deplorable condition indeed.

Having imbibed my political principles at an early age, amongft citizens ftuggling for freedom, and where now every individual is equally privileged, and equally protected by the law, I cannot but inveigh againft partial immunities, and the propenfity which the Englifh people betray to deprive their fellow-creatures of that liberty of which
they

they so inconsistently boast. Not but a rational discrimination ought necessarily to be kept up between fraud and imprudence, villainy and misfortune; nothing can more fully demonstrate the negligence and insensibility of government than that they should be confounded indiscriminately together, that no distinction should be made between them: yet such most unfortunately is the case, and what aggravates, beyond measure, this grievance, is, that the man who enters a prison, honest and virtuous, seldom fails, during his abode therein, to contract the vilest habits, and to be ever after unfit for society.

Thus it is the height of impolicy and cruelty to make no distinction between the unfortunate debtor and the designing fraudulent swindler; for, although the
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the justice of the legislature should provide a punishment for the one, a certain and more lenient degree of protection than has hitherto been adopted, ought surely to be held out to the other. But the interest of lawyers does not require such discriminations to be made, and therefore it is judged right, that things should remain as they are. They forever tell us, they cannot be better.

How long will this infatuation last !
 Oh Englishmen ! let it no more be said,
 that, with passive, ignoble tameness, ye
 suffered a servile race of mercenary, corrupt,
 vindictive lawyers, to forge the
 chains of hard captivity for your free-
 born limbs ! ye have a constitution, whose
 leading principle, ye are told, is liberty,
 sacred, immortal liberty ! ye have a
 king, who is said ardently to desire the

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prosperity

prosperity of all his people. Cherish, then, this sacred principle of your constitution; accomplish the desires of your virtuous king; rouse from your torpor; the lion slumbereth, he is not dead; but, oh! whenever he shall awake, whenever his wrath shall be kindled, let him know to distinguish in his rage; let none but the guilty bleed!

The news of Mr. Walker's sudden death caused me many poignant reflections; as the horrors of confinement were, in some measure, lessened, while I considered myself under the custody of that gentleman, and not under the controul of a mercenary jailer; for this lucrative sinecure (such in fact it is) too generally falls to the lot (I say it without meaning to offend any individual) of the most worthless or insignificant characters:

characters: men, not selected from any particular merit that would render them fit for the office; not distinguished for their disinterestedness, charity, or diligent attention to the wants and morals of the prisoners; but appointed merely as relations, or dependants, on my Lord Chief Justice of the day, who, for the most part, (if not always) takes care to saddle them with a VERY HEAVY RIDER.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, the arrival in England of my amiable friend, the father of my children, revived my hopes, nor were they disappointed. He at once administered to my wants, and cheered my sorrows. The excellence of Mr. B*****'s heart, was my security with him against those frivolous and ungenerous excuses, which, in the hour of adversity, it has been my lot to receive

from so many others, whom also I had once thought my friends: he embraced the earliest opportunity of visiting me in my confinement, and instantly took the children under his protection; the youngest of whom was, at that time, only three months old. It is a very harsh trait in the human creature, (nevertheless, I fear it is too faithful a one,) that calumny is, generally, the most busy against those who most want comfort and protection.

While I was suffering all the complicated miseries of a loathsome jail, insinuations to my disadvantage were most malignantly and industriously propagated, with the cruel design of ruining me in the opinion and affection of this my best friend; but, superior to all illiberal prejudice, and making every allowance

lowance for my solitary and unhappy situation, he would not consent to abandon me, so that these cruel efforts of my enemies, most of whom I have discovered to exist in the circle of my own acquaintance, ended in disappointment and abortion; and I ingeniously confess, that my vanity exulted in the triumph which I atchieved on this occasion, and my heart was preserved from the shock it would have sustained, had the father of my children, to complete the sum of my misfortunes, withdrawn his countenance and affection from them; but, I trust in Providence that I am not reserved for this additional calamity!—Mr. B*****'s finances could by no means keep pace with the liberality of his mind, and in my distressed circumstances it was absolutely necessary to find out some other source of relief: I there-

fore, in the month of March, 1791, (Mr. Coghlan being then involved in a law-suit with his niece, Lady Blake) by the advice of my proctor, (Mr. Walker, of Doctors Commons) petitioned the Court of Delegates, before whom the said cause was to be heard. A petition from his wife, dated from a prison, to which his brutality had condemned her, alarmed his tender feelings; and thus, as I have already observed, I obtained a present supply, and a promise of an adequate settlement, on condition that I would withdraw the petition. To this I consented, and the result of my compliance was a mutual agreement to execute articles of separation, which are, *moreover* and *nevertheless*, as the gentlemen of the robe are pleased to term it, only during our mutual pleasure; the last clause of my deed of settlement compelling me to
return

return home to this kind, affectionate husband whenever his caprice should induce him to require it.

Thus separated from him, on the 26th of December, 1791, I received security for an annuity of an hundred pounds for my life, subject to the condition above mentioned. But, alas! I had no sooner obtained it, than the accomplished, virtuous milliner who had so essentially contributed to my distresses, by encouraging me in that stupid system of extravagance on which her present fortune was raised, and which exalted her to the enviable rank of an honest married lady, like a tygres darting upon the wretched victim of her savage appetite, seized on me, insisting that I should give immediate security for her debt—a debt contracted for *gew-gaw frippery and tinselled, flimsy*

flimsy trumpery. I had already, in the course of a very short time, paid this *harpy* fourteen hundred pounds, for articles of this like description. The humane reader will revolt with abhorrence on finding that this woman, after such emoluments derived from my folly, should proceed against me for another debt of *three hundred pounds*, which, I am morally convinced, I did not owe; but for which she absolutely compelled me to assign over fifty pounds a year of my annuity to her, for the four ensuing years, which now helps to support her and a banker's clerk, whom she has lately taken to her *virtuous bed*, in the ease and luxury which they seem to enjoy. When it is remembered how many unfortunate, unexperienced women this extortioner has plundered, not only with impunity but success—how many wretched

wretched female captives she has held (and I believe still holds) in jail—the fortune she has acquired by constant impositions on youthful folly and credulity,—it must excite regret that there are no laws in force to stop the depredations of similar miscreants, almost as great nuisances in society as those low pettyfogging attornies with whom, for the most part, they are connected, and between whom such an attractive sympathy exists. For my own part, I am so well acquainted with their enormous charges, and the fatal consequences of them, that I would rather trust for mercy to the tenderness of a wolf, than to a civilized barbarian like the lady of whom I am now speaking; and I am convinced, from woeful experience, that the generality of persons in trade, with whom unprotected females have any pecuniary dealings, would be
over-

over-paid in receiving one third of their over-charged, extravagant demands.—The reader may believe this picture exaggerated, but I can assure him *it is not*; hundreds of thoughtless women, besides myself, having fallen within her snares, and from her may date their ruin. To her alone I am indebted for *two years* close confinement in a jail, where wretchedness and vice of every description rule triumphant—where no remedy is applied to the relief of one, or the suppression of the other—where every comfort, every virtue, is left to depend on the guinea in our pockets, and where they who have it not have only the casual charity of prisoners themselves to depend on.

There, even in that gloomy mansion!
I have often beheld vice and insensibility
triumphant;

triumphant; virtue and tenderness of heart dejected and in tears. The unfortunate friend, whose amiable confidence has involved him in debts he was unable to pay, I have here beheld languishing, in want of those necessaries which in happier days he himself had so freely administered to others. The veteran soldier, all covered with wounds which he had received in battle in the service of his king, I have there beheld dying with hunger, naked and forsaken, cast on the common side, a prey to filth and vermin, too proud and conscious of his own merit to expose his emaciated forlorn figure to the curious researches of his fellow prisoners, chusing rather to die than trust to precarious bounty, sensible of his just claims on those with whom pity, alas! is so seldom resident.

During

During my residence in the King's Bench, the gallant Captain Abbot, of the royal artillery, than whom no man in the army had ever served with more distinguished merit, died, literally in that prison, through want, in the situation which I have described. This brave man had a wife and three children, who were all drowned on their voyage from America. But all *his sufferings*, all his services, were of no avail! he was thus left to die without a single enquiry from the part of government concerning him; and to the immortal honour of a noble Duke, (M——r G——l of the ordnance) taking advantage of his imprisonment, he suspended him from his situation, as captain in the royal artillery. Oh! that I could for ever efface the dreadful scene from my memory! as it was my misfortune to have known
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the gentleman of whom I now speak in America, but the impression is too deep on my heart.

Shortly after the death of this my lamented friend, I obtained my release from the King's Bench, but not from the liberality of those who confined me; on the contrary, I was under the necessity of pleading my coverture in the Court of King's Bench, where I obtained a rule of court to set aside a deed which I had formerly signed, and which my situation as a married woman made illegal. Thus I was for a time liberated from confinement, and in the month of January following I had occasion to summon up all my fortitude. Although superstition be a failing to which I am by no means addicted, still the following circumstance may, in the opinion of some, expose me

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to the suspicion of being under the influence of that frailty:—In all my days of dissipated pleasure and heart-rending afflictions, never did an hour pass that my father did not present himself to my imagination. At this time I dreamed I beheld his funeral, with my youngest brother as his chief mourner, and on the coffin of the deceased lay a bleeding heart. This dream made such an effect upon my senses, that no person could induce me to believe my father was not actually dead; and such was the ascendancy of my fears, that I absolutely put on deep mourning on the occasion. In my sable robes I one day met Colonel Small, (an old friend of my father's) who expressed much surprise on seeing me arrayed in these melancholy emblems of grief, and inquired into the cause. I replied, it were not from these outward signs of sorrow he was to judge,

judge, as what I suffered for the loss of a much loved father surpassed all shew. The Colonel answered, ' Your father is ' in perfect health, as I am informed by ' Colonel Kemble, who received letters ' from him early in December.'

It was a vain attempt of his friends to persuade me; the dream had made such a deep impression on my mind, that I persisted to express a certain conviction that he was dead, and gone to receive the reward of his many virtues; and, alas! the following month realized my fatal apprehensions respecting his death, as he had finished his mortal career on the 10th of December, 1791, in the city of New-York, having burst an artery of his heart.

To leave the world with the high reputation which he enjoyed, should ever

be the bright emulation of man. He was universally and most justly beloved by all who knew him. His remains were followed to the grave by three hundred people, his pall borne by eight of the principal gentlemen of New-York; and he was interred in Trinity Church, in the same tomb with his friend Colonel Maitland, uncle to Lord Lauderdale, who, in dying, made it the last request that his ashes should be mixed with my father's.—How different the end of his near relation and friend, the late Colonel Moncrieffe, lately killed, fighting in the cause of the combined powers, before the walls of Dunkirque!—His kindness to me was never interrupted. He was wont to sympathise with my sorrows, and to take compassion on my follies; and it was so much the more cruel that I should lose him at a moment when
friends

friends are so very, very scarce. Oh! that I could have evinced my gratitude by attending the brave dying soldier in his last moments! I would have bound his bleeding wound, and, without respect to political opinions, dropping the sympathetic tear over his mangled corpse, have cheerfully braved the danger that put a period to his existence!

My father's death now drew upon me once more the attention of my creditors, who always considered me entitled to a fortune when that event should take place. But such was the hapless fate of the surviving children of this gallant hero, that they discovered the reward of their parent's loyalty to be—a total deprivation of all his property in America! —I had been only four months released from a long and dreadful confinement,

inflicted on me by the laws of a free country, when I was again arrested, and committed, for the second time, a prisoner to the King's Bench; and, however repugnant to my own feelings, I found myself under the necessity of defending the unjust actions for which I was confined. In one of these causes I had occasion for more courage than I naturally possessed; but, supported by an honest, upright heart, I undauntedly repaired to the Court of King's Bench to meet my opponents, relying upon the candour of that honourable tribunal to afford me that justice which I claimed. Had my pursuit, like that of Diogenes, been seeking for an honest man, I should not, perhaps, have explored a court of law, wherein to find so rare an object: however, in the midst of my embarrassment and confusion, excited by the cause
which

which brought me there, and by the indecent, impertinent questions put to me by the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. M——, I felt myself much relieved by the able defence made in my favour by that ornament of his profession, Mr. Erskine.

It is much to be lamented, that barristers, in the course of their professional pursuits, should consider themselves warranted in tormenting witnesses, (however respectable or entitled to their compassion) by the most cruel and irrelevant questions: I am sorry to observe, that the habitual practices of Mr. M—— expose him, perhaps, more than any other of his profession, to this censure. In saying this, I am aware that I say a great deal, but the little indulgence shewn to me by this advocate, under the most trying circumstances, warrants more than I have said;

said; and it will be a satisfaction to me if this should ever reach him, and he should profit by the rebuke.

My brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, of the sixtieth regiment, now on half-pay, could not be an idle spectator of my misfortunes. With him I continued in correspondence; he pitied my distress, and generously offered to divide his fortune with me, provided my creditors would consent to sign in my favour a letter of licence for a few years. At the same time he advanced a sum of money to raise my drooping head, and to sooth the miseries of the King's Bench prison. That heart which has ever made me an unsuspecting, unhappy victim to the over-reaching tricks of lawyers, again exposed me to suffer from them. The vilest of this profession are those who promise

promise the *fairest*; and hence I again employed one of these hopeful plunderers of society, those pettyfoggers who live upon the distresses of the unfortunate, to defend the remaining actions for which I was confined, and to effect my liberation gave him sixty pounds of the money that had been given me by my brother; but, instead of pursuing *my* interest in the friendly manner I had a right to expect, the money was devoted to pay a debt wherein I suppose his own interest was concerned. On this my brother again wrote to me, desiring me to take a copy of my grandfather's will out of Doctors Commons: with his desire I complied, and for this service I was indebted to my much esteemed friend, Mr. Walker, the proctor; and as the testator, my grandfather, left a large property in Hampshire, I found it necessary to visit that place.

place. I therefore persisted in making every effort to emancipate myself from the King's Bench, and in consequence obtained what I desired. Therefore, last July I left town to pay a visit to my mother's relations, who reside at Portsmouth and in its neighbourhood. Soon after my arrival there I made it my business to make every enquiry after my grandfather's property, and considered it necessary to present my claim.

The gentleman who has so *honourably* possessed himself of the said estates is my cousin; but when I inform the reader that he is a *lawyer*, it will be a sufficient apology for his too scrupulous delicacy of conscience. This new-found relation affected to receive me with extreme tenderness, invited me to see the pictures of all my ancestors, and gave me every encouragement—

couragement to sue for my grandfather's *paternal* estate in Scotland, which he informed me had been seized by a distant relation, under the supposition that all our grandfather's deeds, &c. were lost with his widow, at the time she was drowned; but, on my observing that I had a copy of his will, proved in the prerogative court, which absolutely entitles myself and my brother to all his property, wherever we could find it, the honest lawyer seemed alarmed, particularly as I assured him my brother was determined to institute a suit in chancery for the purpose of establishing his claim.

My female cousins were the first to take alarm on my account, and they even went so far as to declare me an impostor. Thus I was under the necessity of applying to Colonel Mulcaster, commandant
engineer

engineer at Portsmouth, who was, during my father's life-time, one of his friends, and who knew me from my childhood. From him I obtained a certificate that I was the real daughter of Major Moncrieffe, and wife to Mr. John Coghlan. Thus having it in my power to confute the calumnies of *my good cousins*, I waited on a very near relation, a Captain in the royal navy, a gentleman distinguished for his maritime skill, and not less so for his private virtues. To him I confided my unhappy story, and received from him the advice to which adversity is entitled, but which it rarely receives. Platonic friendship men are apt to hold in mockery; and thence I was very soon accused of having kindled tenderer sensations in the bosom of my cousin, merely because he was a young widower, and had given me an invitation
to

to his house, in which he offered me a secure retreat—an asylum from every future *storm*; and with this honest seaman I hoped to pass the remainder of my days, blessed with the affectionate smiles of *virtuous friendship*. But, alas! how transitory, how vain have my pursuits after tranquility and happiness been! I ever have grasped at a shadow—the substance I could never attain. The paths of life are strewed with thorns, and when we even gather the rose, we are unconscious for the moment of the briars that grow beneath it, and which, in one moment, destroy the fugitive phantom that our imagination had raised.—This friend, who commanded a first rate man of war, was ordered to the West-Indies.

I now received an invitation from two

P aunts,

aunts, who lived nine miles from Portsmouth. On my introduction to these good women, I, who ever detest falsehood, candidly acquainted them with every circumstance of my life; and my mournful tale had such an effect, that I was bedewed with the affectionate tears of two relations, my mother's sisters: They accused my husband as the author of all my sorrows, and were kind enough to observe, that a woman possessing such sensibility never could, *from choice*, pursue the dangerous paths of vice. Alas! had it been my good fortune to have discovered these amiable women when first I fatally left my unkind husband's roof, what misery should I have avoided! With them the beauty I possessed would have served to make me an object of tenderness and compassion, at the same time that it would have set them on their guard

guard against the snares placed against me. With them I might have resided free from guilt, and my heart, from their instructions and example, would have learnt to pity and to pardon even the faults of *him* to whom the customs of religion, although now so fashionably neglected, had united me.

When I returned to Portsmouth, the absence of my dear relation made me resolve to leave that place. I went therefore to Southampton, intending to make that town and Winchester my route to London. In the course of my journey I met with the Reverend Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Mr. Fazakerley: the former gentleman ever shared my esteem, and I only wish Fortune had been more sparing of her favours to one brother, and more liberal to *him* who most deserved them.

When I arrived at Southampton, it was impossible to obtain lodgings, the place was so crouded. The arrival of a certain wealthy Lord, of Jewish extraction, had thrown the town into a state of confusion;—not from any extraordinary merit his Lordship possessed,—not from any extraordinary strength of mind or body, like his namesake *Sampson*, the Jew of antiquity; but from that respect which riches always attract, even when virtue and wisdom fail. Of this *accomplished, new-made* peer, it was my intention to have given the reader a finished portrait; but his Lordship, conscious of his own *excellencies*, through a singular and meritorious delicacy, has intreated me to be silent on this subject. As generosity has ever been the leading feature in my character, I will spare his exquisite sensibility the recital of those scenes in
which

which he occasionally plays such a distinguished part, and in which he is reported so capitally to excel.—At Winchester my eyes were attracted by the number of poor French emigrants who reside in that city, six hundred and thirty of whom are daily fed by public subscription, and lodged in a palace of the most liberal and charitable prince that ever graced the throne of Great-Britain.—In London, the first scene that presented itself was a prison, to which place my old acquaintances, the sheriff's officers, without ceremony, conducted me. From thence I was almost instantly released, by the well-timed bounty of a perfect stranger: on thanking this stranger for his goodness, and requesting to know his name, he declined telling me to whom I was obliged, remarking, that he felt a sufficient reward to rescue

a pretty woman from the confines of a prison. This generous benefactor paid above forty pounds for my liberty, and I have never ceased to lament that I still am ignorant of his place of residence; that by a discovery of the latter, I might offer him the just tribute of a sincerely grateful heart. The object of his goodness, however, was not accomplished, for such generosity only provokes fresh attacks from the watchful creditor and his nefarious attorney. Arrest after arrest pursues me, from a hope that friends will not permit me to remain long in confinement. My whole debts it is impossible for me to pay, as they almost all arise from folly and extravagance, and far exceed my means; but on calculating all *my real debts*, I am certain four hundred pounds would discharge them. But to raise that sum, where is my hope?

Alas!

Alas! I have no other than in the gallantry and liberality of the British nation—a nation that stands eminently conspicuous on the rolls of fame for acts of charity and munificence! But let not ostentatious deeds, rehearsed with all the pomp of declamation and public acclaim, impede the milder but not less meritorious performance of private benevolence:—I was nursed in the lap of luxury—my mind softened, and perhaps in some degree debauched by early enjoyments. In those hours I never wanted friends; it is only *now* that they keep far off! But let me hope this faint effort of a very imperfect pen, of one unused to literary essays, may still produce the means of soothing those sorrows by which her life has of late been embittered. She submits her simple narrative to the public, and particularly to that circle
of

of society in which she herself was wont to figure with some degree of eclat. Let it not be said, that she who never sued in vain in the soft hours of luxurious dalliance, should now apply in vain, when she is fain to believe that she exhibits some testimony of her claim to their protection.

Other female candidates for their favour have formerly appealed to their generous indulgence; most of them also were, like her, unfortunate. It would ill become the author to say, if their pretensions were *worse* or *better* founded; as far as her own opinion goes, the *wretched* are equally entitled to the patronage of the *rich*; the only distinction which ought to be made consists in this undeniable truth—the more wretched the individual, the more forcible that individual's

dual's claims. On this ground her pretensions are indisputable: but she has others, and she submits them, not only to the nation at large, but to the consideration of that *great personage*, within whose reach she sincerely hopes that her poor Memoirs may fall. Let him reflect, that she is of a family distinguished for their loyalty to *his person* and government—several of whom have bled, and some have died in his service. Ah! let not the sources of royal munificence be dried up! let the daughter of a man, known in person by his merit, not solicit in vain from the fountain of all mercy, or at least from that fountain where mercy ought to flow! Amidst the severe examples of punishment (perhaps of *necessary* punishment) that we now behold, let them not be unaccompanied with some few partial acts of Heaven-born

born Charity. The subject of these Memoirs is in deep distress—distress unknown to palaces, and may it never approach them! But, if the highest ranks keep aloof from poverty, where, alas! is it to seek a shelter? Let us look to the sad reverses incidental to the human lot: not long since, when the lofty turrets of Versailles seemed, as it were, to touch the skies—when the gay, thoughtless inhabitants thereof, perhaps too neglectful of those dreadful scenes that surrounded their gorgeous palaces, little dreamt of what was to befall them!—had they displayed more zeal, had they shewn more attention to private or public woe, it is not unlikely that all which has happened, and all which is likely to happen, might have been avoided.

In this country, renowned for its free
and

and equal laws, where we are told there are no distinctions, let not Poverty be suffered to rear her ghastly mien; let not the free-born spirit sink under the depression of indigence! It is such dreadful abuses that damp the ardour of patriotic loyalty, and inspire disgust where all else would be zeal and gratitude.

It has been too often and barbarously alledged, that persons bring their misfortunes on themselves, and therefore are entitled to no indulgence. Let such cruel, unjust objections be scouted: they are the spurious, miserable objections of proud Prosperity: Humanity rejects them. Are no allowances to be made for the frailties of inexperienced, unprotected youth? Are the persons who raise the objection exempt from those very frailties they impute to others? Oh, no! but

but riches and power yield a shelter
against every enormity!

- ' Clothe sin with robes,
- ' And the strong lance of justice hurtless
breaks:
- ' Clothe it in rags,
- ' A pigmies straw does break it ;
- ' Robes and fur gowns hide all.*

Such are the pitiful prettexts of Avarice,
invented by Opulence, against the claims
of Poverty!

If the throne would set an illustrious
example, and attempt to destroy that in-
equality of condition which now pre-
vails, revolutions would be no longer
heard of, misery be banished from the
earth, the temptations to vice would be
done away, and the frivolous definitions
of monarchies and republics would ex-
cite

* Shakespear.

cite no discussion; men would rejoice under those governments where they found liberty best protected.—In England, the sovereign has undoubtedly many virtues; no person, perhaps, has fewer vices: but *kings* should never neglect the opportunity of doing good. Negative praise is rarely beneficial; but active virtue is what the world, according to its present constitution, requires.

Princes are considered as Gods; they should at least act like men. What is the first duty of man? To relieve the wants of his fellow creatures, to prevent those horrible scenes of distress which hourly present themselves.

In England we all look up to the throne as the focus where every virtue is or ought to be concentrated; there we

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admire

admire private œconomy, connubial fidelity, domestic accomplishments, and honourable punctuality! It were to be lamented, that an inattention to the calamities of the public, or even of private individuals, fallen within its knowledge, should obscure the lustre of those virtues.

Example and experience are two instructive monitors: the people are *led* by one, and princes should *profit* by the other.

The vices or virtues of the community depend on the governments under which they live. ‘When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked are in power, the people mourn.’

How

How incumbent, therefore, is it in princes to profit from experience, to inculcate good examples: in that case we should be no longer melancholy witnesses to the horrors that have been described; no longer that discord and dissention would prevail in society which threaten the very existence of the actual establishments! we should be all leagued in one bond of confraternity; and the author of these sheets, without having been condemned to weep over so many of her family, fallen in the wars of Britain, would have escaped those terrible stripes of misery which she, in her own person, has suffered.

May the representation of God on earth, in these realms, yield to the voice of universal mercy; and may *he*, amidst the general impulse, extend its
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rays to her, than whom none can have more forcible claims on the score of want, or on the merits of her worthy and loyal family !

December 7, 1793-



